

**Instruments or Agents? How Did the CIA Use
Marilyn Monroe, Robert Kennedy, Howard Hughes, Richard Nixon?**



75 CENTS

AUGUST 16, 1976

NEW YORK

MAILER

ON THE CIA



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Page 22

A Harlot High and Low: Reconnoitering Through The Secret Government

By Norman Mailer

Suppose a man with the literary sensibilities of Balzac took an informed look at Watergate, the CIA, Richard Nixon, and Howard Hughes. Suppose he followed the documented and undocumented trails that lead from the death of Marilyn Monroe to the crimes of E. Howard Hunt. Would he come any closer to the truth than the rest of us? Of course he would, if his name were Norman Mailer—novelist, journalist, and all-American picador. Now Mailer steps forth as a counterspy. By means of superb ratification and an ability for spinning plots that would be sufficient to start a new Industrial Revolution, he probes the connections between some great unresolved mysteries of recent history, including the Bay of Pigs and the Kennedy assassination. Everywhere he finds the CIA's "moles" and money at work. Ultimate answers are not forthcoming, but the questions should be enough to make your blood run cold.

DEPARTMENTS

Page 6

The City Politic: Meat-Eating Gorillas, Mayoral Fever, and Other Seasonal Woes
By Ken Auletta

A Brooklyn pol name of Bloom has secured for himself both the Democratic and Republican nominations for county surrogate. It might be a scandal, if anyone cared.

Page 8

The Bottom Line: An Arm's-Length Deal With Meshulam Riklis?
By Dan Dorfman

A 17 percent finder's fee for an acquisition is almost unheard of, and it demands that questions be asked. Dorfman is asking, and so is the SEC.



page 22



page 47



page 51



page 56



page 65

Page 47

Home Furnishings: Hot Tin Roofs
By Suzanne Slesin
Tin-plated ceilings are back in vogue.

Page 51

The Passionate Sipper: Quaffing Time
By Peter Quimble
Fifteen watering places selling imported draft beer.

Page 58

Music: QS, SQ, CD—
How to Send Your Ears Up the Wall
By Alan Rich

Four-channel sound is causing the latest excitement, and the latest confusion, in home hi-fi circles.

Page 60

Movies: Obsessions: On Land, Sea, and In Between
By John Simon
Brian De Palma's *Obsession* is intended as an homage to Hitchcock, but it becomes a mishmash of allusiveness and gamesmanship.

Page 62

The Underground Gourmet: Thai It, You'll Like It
By Milton Glaser and Gertrude Snyder
A pleasant restaurant offering Thai and Vietnamese cuisine is struggling to survive. We hope it does.

Page 65

Art: A Descent Into the Mall Storm
By Thomas B. Hess
The state capitol has undergone a major architectural face-lift, but on closer inspection you notice that nothing much has changed.

Page 67

Your Own Business:
Trading Futures: Do You Dare?
By William Flanagan
Most people don't have the patience, nerve, savvy—and usable cash—to trade in commodities.

Page 80

American Journal: Wealth in a Circle
By Adam Smith
A report on the route that much of the oil money takes—and what happens on the way.

MISCELLANY

Page 5: Aftermath; Page 9: In and Around Town
Page 54: Best Bets, by Ellen Stern
Page 56: New York Intelligence
Page 69: London Sunday Times Crossword
Page 70: New York Classified
Page 75: Town & Country Properties
Page 78: Sales & Bargains, by Evelyn Kanter

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Aftermath/Arnold Beichman

'UNDERSTANDING' TERROR

There is a simple reason for the persistence of international terrorism, a reason to which Pat Moynihan alluded in his brilliant essay. ["The Totalitarian Terrorists," July 26.] It is that people who should and do know better insist that before you can do anything about this pandemic, it is first necessary to "understand" the reasons for political terror because its practitioners are "different."

I recently reviewed the proceedings of the third annual conference of the Canadian Council on International Law, which was convened to discuss the problem of international terrorism. The assembly comprised experts in the field of international law, one of whom, Professor Paul De Visscher, said:

I don't think it is possible to settle the problem of international terrorism in any conventional fashion without considering the political motives of the perpetrators. . . . To judge what is purely mercenary terrorism and political terrorism by the same judicial standards with no other goal than to repress terrorism is to surrender in advance any hope of finding a solution which, to be useful, must be universal.

To which the distinguished Canadian international lawyer, Professor L. C. Green, replied, as no doubt Moynihan would have:

Motives are, of course, terribly important. But I fear that although a great deal of time is being spent trying to analyze motives, all that is being achieved is to open up avenues to protect *anything* anyone wants to protect. . . . To start introducing other issues which . . . are far less important than dealing with the crime or defining the crime, is getting very close to arguing that the end justifies the means. . . . It is nauseating to constantly hear that we must concern ourselves *only* with the motives of the terrorists—and not with our own interests . . .

Professor De Visscher replied with an ancillary argument that since the world is "split between differing ideol-

ogies," these ideologies are, therefore, "the fundamental factor in international terrorism." De Visscher's views, which are shared by many U.N. members, help explain why it is really impossible to do anything about terrorism. Like other influential figures in the international community, his words grant an indulgence to Colopol Qadafsi, Idi Amin, and their hirelings, thus providing a quasi-legal immunity for their totalitarian actions.

International jurists like De Visscher, who talk about understanding terrorist motives, make it sound fairly easy to do so. But just how does one go about understanding the motives of the Japanese "Red Army," or the Palestine Liberation Organization, or the murderers of an old woman, Dora Bloch, in Uganda? I understand the PLO terrorists: They want to destroy Israel. What then? I accept the existence of "differing ideologies": One of those ideologies wants to extirpate what it calls "bourgeois society." What then? At a recent State Department meeting on international terrorism which I attended, a participant said one of the "motives" of terrorists was "boredom." What is society supposed to do about that? Grant terrorists the highest "motives," moral perfectionism, what then?

At the Canadian conference, a diplomat pointed out that it is impossible to find "an objective legal foundation . . . as the basis for some meaningful action against this menace." The speaker, Edward Lee, Canadian ambassador to Israel, said that the reason for the difficulty is that "acts of international terrorism are intimately linked with certain political struggles. . . ."

The "objective legal foundation"—with a system of shared values as its prerequisite—already exists; Moynihan's highly practical suggestion for an international force to combat terrorism could be achieved—if there is the will. The "objective legal foundation" exists on two levels—military, the membership of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, NATO; and police, the membership of Interpol. Nonmembers of either NATO or Interpol could be invited to join.

All that is needed now to put Moynihan's recommendation into force is that member states of NATO and Interpol demonstrate the same will and courage that Israel demonstrated July 4 at Entebbe Airport.

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The City Politic/Ken Auletta

MEAT-EATING GORILLAS, MAYORAL FEVER, AND OTHER SEASONAL WOES

The Gorilla Who Eats Meat

A gorilla is loose in Brooklyn, and few seem to have noticed. Bernard Bloom, the growling Democratic district leader from the 43rd A.D., has snatched for himself the regular Democratic and Republican party endorsements for the patronage-rich surrogate court.

Ten years ago, Senator Robert Kennedy galvanized a reform coalition to defeat a similar arrangement in Manhattan in behalf of Arthur Klein. Prodded by Kennedy, Samuel Silverman swept the June 28 Democratic primary by almost two to one. The *Times*, the *Post*, and an assortment of good-government groups all hailed the dawn of a new day for judicial politics.

Brooklyn might as well be Bhutan, for all the attention the bipartisan Brooklyn deal has aroused. Compared to Bloom, the meek Klein was a statesman, even if he did know mobster Frank Costello. Bloom is not shy about defending patronage as the raw meat which feeds the party faithful. Reformers, he growls, are "human garbage." Republican county leader George Clark bluntly concedes he went along with Bloom because "Bernie told me that he would not just look to Democrats, but that all kinds of worthy people would be considered." Brooklyn Democratic leader Meade Esposito, who several months ago told friends Bloom was unqualified, went along when the zoo he presides over clamored for the legal contracts Bloom dangled. In addition to outflanking Esposito and gathering an ample campaign kitty, Bloom was cosmetized by several "reformers" whose law firms might benefit. Former Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Carter state co-coordinator William vanden Heuvel, and former Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals Charles Desmond have lent him support.

Unlike the Manhattan race ten years ago, Brooklyn reformers are split between two candidates, Daniel Eisenberg and Abraham Schulman. The primary is September 14, but Bloom can probably afford to rest his booming voice and take the rest of the summer off.

The Contagion Begins

Mayoral fever, which is epidemic every four years, is spreading. Some potential victims:

□ **Mario Cuomo.** Governor Carey's

secretary of state told me in early July, "Personally, I would enjoy the opportunity. My wife, Matilda, would not." He said that he planned to have a long talk with her after the Democratic National Convention. "If she says no, I will say no." Asked last week about their heart-to-heart, Cuomo said, "We've had long discussions. It's not resolved. She wants to think about it."

□ **Stephen Berger.** The Emergency Financial Control Board's executive director, according to one of his government colleagues, "has told people he's interested." Asked directly if he was interested, Berger responded, "Is it conceivable? Yes, anything is conceivable. People have come to me and said, 'Hey, you should run for mayor.' But if I really started thinking that way I couldn't do my job." Berger sees his job as saying "no" to the array of interest groups which populate New York. There is a theory that no politics is the best politics—as California's Jerry Brown proved after, not before, he was elected governor. It is highly unlikely Berger would run. Though he is on a first-name basis with the elevator operators at 270 Broadway, this talented executive does not suffer fools gladly—which is half a mayor's job. To seek the nomination in 1977, he would have to desert his current post. If he did that, he would probably be roundly condemned.

□ **Felix Rohatyn.** The chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, and new member of the Control Board, denies interest in being a candidate. But some think he doth protest too much. In July, he told several friends he was considering a Shermansque proclamation that he would not run. This seemed a little odd since any Richter scale measuring political vibes would hardly show a ground swell of support. More than a month ago, Rohatyn said flatly he would not run because he disdained the cruel, fishbowl existence public life entails. Some weeks later, following his appointment to the Control Board, he told me he wouldn't run and that he "reached that decision when the governor asked me to go on the Control Board." But those who talk to him think he's got a fever.

□ **Richard Ravitch,** builder and chairman of the Urban Development Corporation. Members of the state/labor/banking triumvirate that helps govern New York frequently mention

his name. He tells reporters he is not interested, but friends detect a flush.

□ **Deputy Mayor John Zuccotti** is definitely interested, but he would not run if Beame did. Ironically, the better he makes Beame look, the greater the chances Beame will seek reelection.

There are others, to be sure. Manhattan Borough President **Percy Sutton** says he will not run if his friend Beame does. Congressman **Edward Koch**, mindful of his weak 1973 effort, is already actively organizing a fund-raising operation and does not deny he has the bug. Congressman **Herman Badillo**, who would like to run a third time, may not get the chance. He is engaged in a close congressional primary contest with Councilman **Ramon Velez**. Former Tammany leader **Edward Costikyan** has also told friends he is considering the plunge. One friend he has not told is Abe Beame, whose 1965 campaign he managed.

The primary is over a year away. Mayoral fever has only begun to spread.

Carter's New Man in New York

Jimmy Carter's appointment of Boston attorney and Kennedy loyalist Gerard Doherty, 48, as the campaign coordinator in New York suggests some interesting conclusions. Contrary to the fears of many that the campaign would remain an insular Atlanta operation, the choice suggests Carter is reaching out to new people. Also, that he is reaching out to Senator Edward Kennedy and Governor Hugh Carey.

Doherty's appointment also suggests a diminution of state co-coordinator William vandel Heuvel's role. Carter's Atlanta headquarters took considerable pains to explain that the appointment would not undermine vanden Heuvel. "They'll work together in a partnership," said national political director Landon Butler. Maybe so, but when he was asked who would control the crucial state purse strings, Butler said, "Basically, we're looking to Doherty."

While it is true that Carter's forces are sending outsiders into the 50 states, it is also true, according to two of his friends in the New York operation, that vanden Heuvel was upset. "Bill was deballed," simply states one early Carter supporter. "They could have arranged a press conference and had Bill introduce Doherty."

Abe Beame was also upset. He

phoned Carter in Plains and, according to one associate, had "a warm discussion about five or six items." One, which Carter asked campaign manager Hamilton Jordan to listen in on, involved vanden Heuvel. Beame expressed his respect for vanden Heuvel and his concern, not with Doherty's appointment, but with the way it was done.

Vanden Heuvel is not a favorite among the people in Atlanta. Some blame him—unfairly—for Carter's poor fourth-place showing in the April 6 New York primary. He is also viewed, as is Washington coordinator Dr. Peter Bourne, as something of a publicity hound. This was symbolized for the Carter people on the Sunday before the convention. While their candidate appeared on NBC's *Meet the Press* at 12:30 P.M., vanden Heuvel appeared opposite him on WCBS-TV.

Ironically, while Carter aides suspect vanden Heuvel leaks like the *Lusitania*, many reporters often find his technique similar to Ron Ziegler's. He tells you little that is useful and much that is false. After Carter amended his urban position and won Beame's endorsement in May, vanden Heuvel insisted Carter's urban stance was perfectly consistent with what it had been before. Though some Carey people suspect otherwise, vanden Heuvel has sought to peddle the nonsense that Carter's concept of love extended to New York's governor. He would probably say the same of Jerry Brown.

Ghost Stories

On August 11, Jimmy Carter is scheduled to speak in Atlanta before the American Bar Association. While flying into Manchester, New Hampshire, last Tuesday, according to an aide, Carter told his chief speech writer, Patrick Anderson, that "he wanted to make a hard-hitting populist speech and draw on his Law Day speech." That speech bluntly chastised the Georgia Bar Association. The upcoming speech will also call for a tougher code of ethics for the federal government, says one aide. The task has been assigned to new speech writer Simon Lazarus, a Washington attorney who served as a key aide to city Consumer Affairs Commissioner Bess Myerson. Carter said he wanted a draft by the weekend so he could practice it as he had his convention acceptance speech.

One thing that should be different is that no fierce internal battle will be waged over its content. At the convention, writers Milton Gwirtzman, Theodore Sorensen, Ted Van Dyk, and Adam Walinsky were shown drafts of Carter's proposed speech. They were appalled. One of the four later called it "dreary and disorganized." Definitely not presidential." According to several Carter aides, the four sought to skirt speech writer Anderson and present their views directly to the candidate. Some wrote new drafts.

"My overall impression," said an intimate, "is that they thought they were smarter than Jimmy." Few things rattle the Carter staff more than their sense of being condescended to. There are those—I am one—who found Carter's speech condescending, thinking he spent too much time reassuring rather than challenging his audience. That view apparently is not shared by the American people. One aide boasts of their poll showing that 78 percent of the populace approved of Carter's speech. Which can only confirm Carter's impression that he knows something New York and Washington "geniuses" do not. Or, as one intimate said of the four, "They did not advance their future in this campaign."

Gwirtzman's future with the campaign was foreclosed even before he sent copies of the speech draft to friends. He had been traveling some on the Carter plane as an issue coordinator. But he penned an article for the July/August issue of *More* magazine in which he took two important national political reporters to task, Jack Germond of the *Washington Star*, and Jules Witcover of the *Washington Post*. They were furious. More important, "Jody Powell was outraged," says one aide of Carter's powerful press secretary. It showed. Throughout the convention, Gwirtzman could be spotted circling the bleachers of Madison Square Garden with little to do.



The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

AN ARM'S-LENGTH DEAL WITH MESHULAM RIKLIS?

Bonanza for a Developer

The proper business of Wall Street is making deals. So when somebody suddenly, and unexpectedly, walks away from one—in this case a common-stock offering with a potential profit to the underwriter of about \$100,000—it's inevitable that eyebrows, and questions, will be raised.

A recent case in point is the public offering last May 19 of 310,000 shares of Natco Industries (formerly National Shirt Shops) at \$8 a share. The brokerage firm of Shearson Hayden Stone was the lead underwriter. But "The Bottom Line" has learned that another large brokerage house, Drexel Burnham & Company, actually had the inside track on the deal, only to pull out after performing its "due diligence" analysis of the men's-apparel chain. One must wonder, at the very least, whether Drexel Burnham may have come across something it regarded as a serious impediment to its participating in the deal. Brokerage houses simply do not turn their backs, without cause, on \$100,000.

Sources tell me Drexel Burnham president Mark Kaplan decided to scrap the offering after Drexel's corporate finance chief, Fred Joseph, expressed particularly strong concern over payments Natco had agreed to make to a real-estate consultant for his services—and the company's response to his concerns.

The consultant was a real-estate man named Morton L. Olshan. Natco's management, eager to run its own ship, wanted to buy Rapid-American Corporation's BVD retail division, of which it was a part. According to the prospectus, Olshan "assisted" in the deal, in which Natco acquired BVD in 1972 for \$16 million. Rapid-American is the conglomerate complex run by wheeler-dealer Meshulam Riklis.

The deal proved to be enormously rewarding to Olshan, a friend of Riklis's and the head of his own real-estate-development firm (Mall Properties). He got an option to buy 277,839 shares of Natco for \$1,667. That works out to about 0.6 cents a share. Since Natco was private at the time, it isn't easy to figure out just how much Olshan's option was worth. But, even more curious, it represented an astonishingly high 16.7 percent of the outstanding stock of the company. Nor



DICK HANLEY/FORCES

Riklis: Why was a middleman necessary?

was that all. Natco also gave Olshan a five-year, \$75,000-a-year real-estate consultant's fee. There was still more. Olshan was allowed to buy outright 89,000 shares of Natco common stock for \$50,367—just 56.6 cents a share. (The stock is currently quoted over the counter at about a \$5 bid price.)

The May 19 prospectus covering the Natco offering reports that Olshan's consultant services were to be extended, beginning in June of 1977, for another fifteen years at \$100,000 a year. This canceled out Olshan's option on the 277,839 Natco shares; also, the \$1,125,000 that Natco would have been obliged to pay Olshan for the option on the 277,839 shares in the event of a public offering of Natco securities.

Since Natco Industries was controlled by Riklis in 1972, one has to wonder why Natco's brass simply didn't approach Riklis directly about buying the BVD retail division, rather than go through a middleman. It surely would have saved the company a hell of a lot of money. Further, I learned Olshan was just one of several people who assisted in the acquisition talks. This being the case, a finder's fee of 16.7 percent of the purchase price to Olshan alone strikes some observers as outrageously high. The going fee for an acquisition broker, according to some top merger specialists, ranges between 1 and 4 percent of the purchase price.

The possibility arose, of course, that Olshan's fee might have been set so high because part of it was intended to wind up in someone else's hands—

a clear violation of the securities laws if it wasn't reported in the prospectus.

Fred Joseph of Drexel Burnham dug deeply into Olshan's arrangement, and didn't like the answers he got, I'm told. And that's why Drexel walked away.

The thought even occurred when Shearson Hayden Stone made its "due diligence" study, a top official of Shearson told me. "There were rumors [about payments] and we asked Olshan," he said. "We also asked Olshan whether Riklis was getting any payments and Olshan told us that Riklis didn't ask for anything, nor did he get anything."

Drexel Burnham may have regarded Olshan's nearly 17 percent finder's fee as excessive, but Shearson did not. "Considering the speculative nature of the business, the arrangement with Olshan was appropriate," the Shearson official said. This was a reference to the fact that the new owners of Natco had put up only \$1 million of the \$16-million purchase price. "It was a terribly overleveraged situation in 1972," the Shearson officer said.

Edward L. Marks, Natco's chief executive, was reluctant to talk about Riklis. In fact, he was reluctant to talk at all. However, he did tell me: "We had no choice. He [Olshan] came with the package." Marks refused to elaborate. When I asked him what made Olshan worth \$1.5 million over the next fifteen years, especially when he's only a part-time worker for the company, Marks replied: "He has a lot of contacts with insurance companies that finance shopping centers." (Natco's 260 units are primarily located in shopping centers.)

Olshan was extremely nervous in the few minutes I spoke to him—a conversation he cut short. He intimated he had made some real-estate deals with Riklis in the past. But he insisted that he had made no payments to Riklis of any kind. "It [Natco] was an arm's-length deal," he said.

I wasn't able to get all the answers I would have liked from either Marks or Olshan. But perhaps the Securities and Exchange Commission will have more luck. SEC staffers have already been in touch with officials at Drexel and at Shearson. Whether the SEC will turn up anything remains to be seen. But, as one Wall Street dealmaker put it, "A 17 percent finder's fee is just ludicrous, unless . . ."

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

August 10 through 17

OPENINGS

Friday, August 13



Sequel to Westworld
Blythe Danner plays a top TV commentator covering events at Deios, a new playground for the wealthy recreated from the robot-caused chaos of Westworld, who is about to enjoy the experience of seeing her dreams recorded on video tape in the new film *Futureworld*. Cinemas: E 59th St.; 86th St. E.

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

All the President's Men—Alan J. Pakula has directed a film containing an unending concatenation of performances by actors, known and unknown, but not a single weak link. With Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman down to the least bit player, there is such perfection of acting as one scarcely associates with Hollywood filmmaking. It is well worth seeing the film twice: once for everything, and again for the film twice: once for everything. *Wally*, thru 8/10, Cinema Studio; Gramercy, from 8/10, First Ave. Cinema.

Alpha Beta—A filmed stage play by E. A. Whitehead, directed by Anthony Page, and there's no getting around the fact that one should have seen it on the stage. Failing that, however, it is a magnificent experience to watch Rachel Roberts and Albert Finney enact on film the union, in George Meredith's words, of this ever-diverse pair. It is acting at its very highest. Quad; Thalia.

The Big Bus—A parody of a disaster movie, directed by James Frawley, could have been mildly amusing if it had been written, directed, and acted with the straightest of faces. The cast is denied a single witty line and is merely pushed into outrageous exaggeration, as if grade-school notions of jadedness or hysteria were the sort of wit. It is a small wonder that Lynn Redgrave, Richard Mulligan, and Sally Kellerman are made to look ridiculous, as is virtually everyone associated with this venture. 72nd St. E.

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings—In the late thirties, a star pitcher and catcher (Billy Dee Williams and James Earl Jones) decide to go it on their own and form a barnstorming team. What captivates us here is the acting. Williams happily blends the qualities of the dedicated actor and matinee idol. Jones demonstrates that he is at his best in down-to-earth comedy faced with a winsome touch of seriousness. In fact there is not a loser in the entire large cast. Thru 8/11, Cinemas: E 59th St.; E 86th St. E.; Murray Hill.

The Clockmaker—A penetrating first work by Bertrand Tavernier, who has since gone on to two further, perhaps even better, films. Based on a novel by Simenon, this is not a thriller, but a searching character study of a little man whose son has killed a brutish fascist. We follow the father in the process of coming to understand his son, himself, and the postfascist society he lives in. A sad but wonderfully liberating film, brilliantly acted by Philippe Noiret and a fine cast, against a colorful Lyons background, and full of sharply observed, stunningly integrated existential details. Quad; Fine Arts.

Cousin, Cousine—A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchella that goes a long way toward

restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Paris.

The Exorcist—W. P. Blatty's own adaptation of his dismal novel proves that you can, out of a sow's ear, make a whole pigsty. This film about demonic possession, grandly mixing gutter sensationalism with gutter metaphysics, is directed by William Friedkin for pure shock value, and sometimes scares the hell while providing others with cheap laughs. Some good actors are caught in this clapnet, and there is an occasional clever trick along with the most confusing confusion in recent film history. Trans-Lux 85th; Criterion.

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's latest is doubly disturbing. First, because it may be the most harrowing portrayal ever of a nervous breakdown, and, secondly, because it shows a supreme filmmaker in total control of his medium merely marking time. The one incontrovertible splendor of the film is Liv Ullmann's performance. It is not just sublime acting; it is a piece of great, invaluable daring. Beakman.

The Foot of the Gods—Film, directed by Bert I. Green, is based on "a portion" of the H.G. Wells's book, and offers a not very generous portion of Wells, but abundant food for thoughtlessness and a good many raucous, albeit unintended, laughs. With Marjorie Rortner, Pamela Franklin, Ralph Meeker, and Ida Lupino. Thru 8/10, St. Marks Cinema.

Harry and Walter Go to New York—An attempt at crossbreeding a number of genres: slapstick, romantic comedy, the caper film, the straight musical, the operetta parody. Mark Rydell has directed at a curious time a play on an ever-lingering theme: the apocryphally interrupted by furious passion. With Elliott Gould, better than he has been lately, and Michael Caine who is a past master at smoothness edged with menace. 8/11-17, Lowes Triplex.

Lacombe, Lucien—Louis Malle continues the development of one of our most arresting directors with this love-and-hate story about collaborators and Jews in hiding in occupied France. This is, however, no simple thriller, but an attempt to understand complex relationships against a soul-trying background, and there is so much that is fine here (including extraordinary color photography, brilliant supporting performances) that it is more than disappointing that the film finally does not go deep enough or ring fully true. Still, well above average. 8/10, Bleecker Street Cinema.

Let's Talk About Men-Line—Wendur's early film consisting of a quartet of comedies in each of which Nino Manfredi plays a more or less patsy role. The women involved are Luciana Paluzzi, Patrizia De Clara, Margaret Lee, and Milena Vukotic. Loews Tower East.

Love—Jerry Agutter and Michael York co-star in one of those world-after-the-holocaust bits of futuristic wool-gathering, directed by Michael Anderson. Gifted and winning performers, they overcome deadly preposterousness almost as easily as mortal dangers. There is creditable supporting work by Robert Jordan, and a bit of genius from Peter Ustinov. Loews Astor Plaza; Greenwich; Trans Lux E; thru 8/10, Thalia.

Love and Death—Woody Allen's satire on Russian novels, Napoleonic wars, and movie classics from resolutely to Bergman, comes off as a comedy on just about everything. The scattershot method produces some devastatingly funny moments, others that fall terribly flat, and finally, no sense of a coherent movie. Diane Keaton has a slight comic flair, others in the cast live up to the modest name of Robert Jordan, and a bit of genius from Peter Ustinov. Loews Astor Plaza; Greenwich; Trans Lux E; thru 8/10, Thalia.

The Man Who Fell To Earth—Like all Nicolas Roeg's (Walkabout, Performance, Don't Look Now) films, this one is the blowing up of something sim-

plimented to bloated dimensions. Based on a sci-fi novel by Walter Tevis, Roeg causes all his old tricks, notably the oldest; raising a pop star with androgynous features to be the lead in this film, David Bowie, who comes across as an expressionless zombie. There is some interlarded, fantastic gadgetry, and opulent interior decoration. What is most on display is Roeg's third-rate sensibility desperately aspiring to the second-rate. Plaza, thru 8/10, Paramount; from 8/11, Murray Hill.

Mother, Judy & Speed—With a script by Tom Mankiewicz and direction by Peter Yates, this could have been a good black comedy about a dishonest and disorderly private ambulance company if it had had the guts to stick to its cynical intentions instead of veering into old-fashioned adventure, pathos, and romance under a thin contemporary veneer. Several performances are likeable, and there are scattered laughs. Thru 8/10, Playboy.

Murder by Death—What Neil Simon writes here is farce rather than comedy but the hilarity does take some serious dips here and there. An otherwise good-to-excellent cast has inflicted on it the worse than amateurish presence of Truman Capote. This is not a movie to write and read about, but to be seen and modestly enjoyed. Baronet; Little Carnegie; Art, from 8/11, Criterion; First Ave Cinema; Cinema Sello.

My Friends—Mario Monicelli directed this film to Pietro Germi's specifications after the latter's death. It's about five amply middle-aged men who refuse to settle into predictability and go off periodically "gypsying" together on shorter or longer pilgrimages to their not quite irrefutable youth. The trips backward, and forward, tend to end up as oversized schoolboy pranks, some scrawling funny, some tasteless. 68th St. Playhouse.

Obsession—Paul Schrader wrote the screen play and his friend Michael Crichton directed it. The result is at untidy mess. It is the story of a rich land developer who, through foul play and bad luck, as well as through his own imprudences, loses his adored wife and daughter in a combination kidnapping and car accident. The plot as a whole is a major piece of arrant stupidity.

The Omen—Film, directed by Richard Donner (who comes from television series, which may account for the film's being made up of isomorphic segments), tells about an ambassador (Gregory Peck), his wife (Lee Remick), and their angel child, really a changed-up spavens by the devil, and about to grow into the Antichrist. Incidents range from the preposterous to the predictable, and nowhere can you glimpse a hint of subtlety or credibility. Most annoying is the music by Jerry Goldsmith, who caricatures himself without crediting him. National; 8th St. Playhouse.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Milos Forman's film is faithful to the general outline and adequate to the trappings of Ken Kesey's novel, but misses its essence. A state insane asylum provides the locale for a basic conflict between the Establishment and the counter-culture, and another between two sexual antagonists: one who enforces sterile, orderly chastity, and the other who makes of his joviality, rant, unremitting masculinity a priapic force meant to have a liberating, life-enhancing effect. 8/11-17, Playboy.

The Return of a Man Called Horse—Richard Harris stars in this sequel to *A Man Called Horse*, directed by Irvin Kershner, and featuring Gae Sondergaard and Geoffrey Lewis. Ziegfeld.

The Return of the Tall T—Gordon MacRae with One Black Shoe-Film, directed by Yves Robert, again finds Pierre Richard enmeshed in unlikely but uproarious political intrigue. Mirella Darc and Jean Rochefort co-star, repeating the roles they played in the first film. D.W. 100.

The Seducer—Who Fell From Grace with the Sea—Lewis John Carlino's film, based on Yukio Mishima's novella, is very pretty to look at and makes absolutely no sense. There are some compensations. Besides the scenic beauties, there is also the extraordinary performance of the lead, the last scene of Sarah Miles, thin whom no one has ever

better conveyed sexual longing. 8/11-17, St Marks Cinema; Olympe. **Seven Beauties**—The film establishes the already remarkable Lina Wertmüller as a major filmmaker. A film about life and death, love and hate—all the great subjects, in brilliant color (both figuratively and literally thanks to Delli Colli's great photography) but also with rare delicacy. Memorable performances by Giancarlo Giannini, Shirley Steller, and others. This is a comedy to make you cry, a tragedy to make you think. See it. **Quid**.

Silent Movie—The scenario in Mel Brook's film is basically no different than that of the old silent comedies, but the innocence is gone. His comic gift is largely verbal and stands to lose too much in a silent movie. But it would be less honest to say that there are no laughs; there are some quite funny sight gags; there are also several subtle effects that have good and bad moments, plus a puckish score by John Morris. Cinema II; thru 8/11, Cinema I; from 8/11, 34th St.

Squirm—Horror drama, directed by Jeff Lieberman, starring Don Sutherland (currently starring in *Godspell* on Broadway) and Patricia Pearcy. A fishing village in Georgia is inundated with millions of voracious sandworms driven into a frenzy as the result of storm-borne power lines which have given them quite a charge. Cinema II; thru 8/12, 88th St. E. **The Story of Adele H.**—Truffaut's latest film is about the daughter of Victor Hugo who, growing up in the Channel island of Guernsey, whether her father was banished, had the misfortune to fall in love with a British lieutenant who eventually tried her, both on Guernsey and in London, whether she had followed him. Unfortunately, Truffaut has opted for swift, short episodes, trying to make out of lean, restless vignettes a sweeping canvas of love, madness, personal tragedy. The gifted, adorable, rising young star, Isabelle Adjani, is perfectly what she made in this film, plays Adele, and Bruce Robinson the lieutenant. 8/17, Carnegie Hall Cinema. **Survive**—Mexican film, directed by Rene Cardona, based on the Clay Blair Jr. book, based on adventures stemming from the plane crash of a Uruguayan rugby team in the Andes in 1972. **Loews State II**; **Loews Cine**.

Swaahbucker—A movie about evil governors and noble buccaniers in a bygone (or never-was) Jamaica that might better have been called *An Ill Wind in Jamaica*. The film is a miserably morose, and cannot even make up its minuscule mind whether to play it straight or as a spoof of the pirate genre that might be called Captain Ketchup. Director James Goldstone hasn't a clue about how to direct sword fights, drenched sword scenes, or much of anything else. Radio City Music Hall.

That's Entertainment II—The film is nowhere near its predecessor. Part I had a theme, the rise and fall of the movie musical. Part II is continually interrupted by scenes in which Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire dance or comment on the past. The direction, by Gene Kelly, is lifeless. Forum; Guild; 72nd St. E; Embassy 72nd; Quid.

Tunnelvision—Purports to be a satirical look at TV in 1985, when David Eisenhower is president, and a People's Network is reeking havoc by keeping the country glued to its programs. We get some 70 minutes of tiresome parodies of TV programs and commercials. The filmmakers, Neil Israel and Michael Mislav, have come to bury television, but they only make it look good by comparison. Eastside Cinema Village.

Vitaloni—Fein's masterpiece, the ultimate statement on the tragicomic lives of unfilled young people in a small town in Italy—or anywhere else in the world, inclusive, yet gentle, melancholy yet smiling. It is a film burning with the beauty and sadness and absurd comedy of existence, made by a true artist at the height of his powers of insight, sympathy, and ironic detachment. Above all, there is none of Fein's later crudity or condescension, no arm-waving and reaching for cheap laughs. Perfect performances sensitively directed, and enveloped by Nino Rota's enchanting score. 8/16, Elgin.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone MO 2-212 for times and latest information.

Art, 38 E 8th (GR 7-7014). Murder by Death.

Beronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1653). Murder by Death.

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 85th (RE 7-2622). Face to Face.

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, at Laguardia Pl (242-2560). 8/10, *Murmur of the Heart*; Lacombe, Lucien. 8/11, *Heat*; Trash. 8/12, *Ulysses*; *Women in Love*. 8/13, *Rules of the Game*; *Grand Illusion*. 8/14, *The Magician*; *The Seventh Seal*. 8/15, *Scenes from a Marriage*. 8/16, *My Night at Mr. X's*; *Chorus in the Afternoon*. 8/17, *Dr. Strangelove*; *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave bet 56th & 57th (757-2131). 8/10, *L'Atalante*; *The Two of Us*. 8/11, *The Horse Soldiers*; *Two Rode Together*. 8/12, *Pierre Le Fou*; *Johnny Guitar*. 8/13, *Lightning: Sunset Boulevard*. 8/14, *Apocalypse: All About Eve*. 8/15, *The Boy Friend*; *At Last Love*. 8/16, *The Stranger*; *The Damned*. 8/17, *The Story of Adele H.*; *A Woman Under the Influence*.

Cinema I & II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-8022). Thru 8/12, *Silent Movie*. Theater closed on 8/11. From 8/12, *Richard III*.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-8022). **Silent Movie Cinema Studio, Broadway & 68th St (877-4040).** 31 Mon thru Fri. \$1.50 Sat & Sun. Thru 8/10, *All the President's Men*. From 8/11, *Murder by Death*.

Cinemas Village, 22 E 12 (924-3383). **Tunnelvision.** 8/10, *Ulysses*; *Women in Love*. 8/11, *Heat*; *Trash*. 8/12, *Ulysses*; *Women in Love*. 8/13, *Rules of the Game*; *Grand Illusion*. 8/14, *The Magician*; *The Seventh Seal*. 8/15, *Scenes from a Marriage*. 8/16, *My Night at Mr. X's*; *Chorus in the Afternoon*. 8/17, *Dr. Strangelove*; *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

Columbia I & II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1870). I. *The Outlaw Josey Wales*. II. *Taxi Driver*.

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). **Obsession.** **Orpheum, Broadway & 45th (JU 2-1795).** Thru 8/10, *The Exorcist*. From 8/11, *Murder by Death*.

D.W. Griffith, 50th St E of 2nd Ave (754-4630). *The Return of the Blatant Man With One Black Shoe*. 8/10, *Ulysses*; *Women in Love*. 8/11, *Heat*; *Trash*. 8/12, *Ulysses*; *Women in Love*. 8/13, *Rules of the Game*; *Grand Illusion*. 8/14, *The Magician*; *The Seventh Seal*. 8/15, *Scenes from a Marriage*. 8/16, *My Night at Mr. X's*; *Chorus in the Afternoon*. 8/17, *Dr. Strangelove*; *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

E 59th St I & II, nr 3rd Ave (688-1717). I. Thru 8/12, From 8/13, *Futureworld*. **Squirm.** II. *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*. **Eastside Cinema Village, 22 E 12 (924-3383).** **Tunnelvision.** 8/10, *Ulysses*; *Women in Love*. 8/11, *Heat*; *Trash*. 8/12, *Ulysses*; *Women in Love*. 8/13, *Rules of the Game*; *Grand Illusion*. 8/14, *The Magician*; *The Seventh Seal*. 8/15, *Scenes from a Marriage*. 8/16, *My Night at Mr. X's*; *Chorus in the Afternoon*. 8/17, *Dr. Strangelove*; *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

Elgin, 8th Ave & 19th (675-0935). 8/10, *The Earrings of Madame de Les Desmoules du Bois de Boulogne*. 8/11, *Sanjuro*; *Band of Assassins*. 8/12, *King of Hearts*. 8/13, *Futureworld*. 8/14, *Ulysses*; *Women in Love*. 8/15, *Scenes from a Marriage*. 8/16, *My Night at Mr. X's*; *Chorus in the Afternoon*. 8/17, *Dr. Strangelove*; *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. **Twelve Chairs**. 8/15, *Woodstock*; *The Yellow Submarine*. 8/16, *I Vitelloni*; *Nights of Cabiria*. 8/17, *Battle of Algiers*. *When There's Smoke, If You have over 62 you can take to the Elgin any time for a quarter. Fridays and Saturdays at midnight, The Harder They Come.*

Embassy 46th, at Boway (757-2408). **Tunnelvision.**

Embassy 49th, at Boway (524-4065). *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

Embassy 72nd, at Boway (SC 4-6745). *That's Entertainment II*; *Love and Death*.

Festival, 57th St & Fifth Ave (581-2323). Thru 8/12, *Gus*; *Sword in the Stone*. 8/13-19, *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*.

Films, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Clockmaker's Wife*.

First Ave Cinema, 61st & 1st (688-0143). \$1.50 at all times. Thru 8/10, *All the President's Men*. From 8/11, *Murder by Death*.

Forum, Boway at 47th (757-8320). *That's Entertainment II*; *Love and Death*.

Greenwich, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *All the President's Men*.

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Logan's Run*.

Gold, 33 W 50, nr 5th Ave (PL 7-2406). *That's Entertainment II*.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave & 31st (684-2290). Thru 8/12, *Sword in the Stone*; *Gus*. 8/13-19, *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*.

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Murder by Death*.

Loews Astor-Plaza, 44th & Boway (869-8340). *Logan's Run*.

Loews Cine, 3rd Ave nr 88th (427-1332). *Survive*.

Loews Orpheum, 86th St nr 3rd (AT 9-6070). *Drum*.

Loews State I, Boway at 45th (582-5070). *The Drums*.

Loews State II, Boway at 45th (582-5070). *Survive*.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Let's Talk About Men*.

Loews Triplex, Boway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. *The Outlaw Josey Wales*. II. Thru 8/10, *Tunnelvision*. *Scenes from a Marriage*. 8/11, *Harry and the Goats*. 8/12, *Go to New York*. Thru 8/12, *Sword in the Stone*; *Gus*. 8/13-19, *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*.

Murray Hill, 34th at 3rd Ave (685-7652). Thru 8/10, *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*. From 8/11, *The Men Who Fall to Earth*. **Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd (956-7078).** 8/10, noon, *Three Men on a Horse*; 2:30, *All Baby Goes to Town*; 6 p.m. *The Moon's Our Home*. 8/12, 2:30, *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford*; 8 p.m. *The Whole Town's Talking*. 8/13, 2:30, *My Dynamite and Bug*. 8/14, noon, *Sing, Baby, Sing*; 2:30, *Liebed Lady*; 5 p.m. *Two for Tonight*; *Three Married Men*. 8/15, noon, *Easy Living*; 2:30, *It's Love I'm After*. 5 p.m. *Serial episodes*. 8/16, noon, *It's Love I'm After*; 2:30, *Two for Tonight* and *Three Married Men*; 6 p.m. *True Confession*. 8/17, noon, *The Awful Truth*; 2:30, *True Confession*; 8 p.m. *Super Sleuth and Blondes at Work*.

National, 150 Boway (869-0950). *The Omen*. **New York, Boway nr 88th (TR 4-8189).** Thru 8/10, *"M"*; *Metropolis*. 8/11, 12, *Umberto D.*; *Miracle in Milan*. 8/13, 14, *The Magician*; *The Virgin Spring*. 8/15-17, *Summertime*; *The Red Shoes*.

Olympia, Boway at 107th (865-3128). Thru 8/10, *The Exorcist*. 8/11-17, *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*; *The Ruling Class*.

Paramount, 81st & Boway (247-5070). Thru 8/10, *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. From 8/11, *Silent Movie*.

Parlo, W 58th (MU 6-2013). *Cousin Cousine*. **Playboy, 57th W of 8th Ave (JU 6-4448).** 31 Mon thru Sat. \$1.25 on 8/10, *Mother, Jugs & Speed*; *Conrack*. 8/11-17, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*; *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*. **Plaza, 58th St E, Madison (EL 5-3320).** *The Men Who Fall to Earth*.

Quid, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8600). (Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.) I. *Seven Beauties*; *Sweet Away*. II. Thru 8/10, *The Clockmaker's Wife*. *Under the Hood of Pan*. 8/11, 12, *Grand Illusion*; *Rules of the Game*. 7/13-14, *Potemkin*; *Alexander Nevsky*. 8/15-17, *Blood of a Poet*; *Chin Andoulet*; *Lot in Sodom*; *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. I Alpha Beta. **Radio City Music Hall, 52nd & 8th Ave (246-4600).** *Swashbuckler*.

Regency, Boway at 87th (724-3700). Thru 8/10, *The Jazz Singer*; *Dark Diggers* of 1933. 8/11-14, *The Maltese Falcon*; *Dark Passage*. 8/15-17, *The Fountainhead*; *Marked Woman*.

Rivolt, 1820 Broadway (247-1633). *The Outlaw Josey Wales*.

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 9-3034). Thru 8/10, *That's Entertainment II*. 8/11-17, *The Big Bus*.

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at St Marks Pl (777-7777). Thru 8/10, *Ulysses*; *Women in Love*. 8/11, *Heat*; *Trash*. 8/12, *Ulysses*; *Women in Love*. 8/13, *Rules of the Game*; *Grand Illusion*. 8/14, *The Magician*; *The Seventh Seal*. 8/15, *Scenes from a Marriage*. 8/16, *My Night at Mr. X's*; *Chorus in the Afternoon*. 8/17, *Dr. Strangelove*; *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). Thru 8/10, *The Omen*. From 8/11, *Silent Movie*.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2282). *Logan's Run*.

Trans-Lux Cinema, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *The Exorcist*.

12th St Cinema, 2nd Ave at 12th (254-4188). Thru 8/10, *The Exorcist*. From 8/11, *Murder by Death*.

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Outlaw Josey Wales*.

Waverly, 8th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *All the President's Men*.

Ziegfeld, 54th nr 8th Ave (765-7600). *Return of the Man Called Horse*.

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

"Amex honored" indicates those theaters which honor American Express credit cards, and some accept reservations by phone.

ON BROADWAY

CURRENT

Bubbling Brown Sugar—About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long, Josephine Premice and Vivian Reed. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. ANTA, 252 W 52nd (246-6270). Amex honored.

California Suite—Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes, Barbara Barrie and George Grizzard look so foolish as they are made to sound. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 46th (246-0220).

Chicago—Gwen Verdon, Lenora Niemetz, and Jerry Orbach star in a music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature, it demands to be seen. (J.S.) 46th St Theater, 228 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line—Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's taut, energetic direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Shubert, 225 W 44th (246-5990).

Equus—Peter Shaffer's play is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes berserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Anthony Perkins and Keith McDermott. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Plymouth, 238 W 54th (246-9156).

Godspell—Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to J.C. Superstar's also having been around), the artless joy of retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited to come for wine at intermission. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 253 W 44th (246-6699).

Grease—An amusing, rhythmically 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Morris. (J.S.) Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5769).

Gyps and Dolls—Damon Runyon's Broadway lingo has been translated by Billy Wilson into black jive, with results more joyous than anyone might have dreamed possible. This is one of the best of all recent musical revivals, and Arthur Loesser's flawless score makes 25 years sound like overnight

The cast—led by Ernestine Jackson, an absolute Adeline, as Sarah; Norma Donaldson as a wonderfully brassy admirer, James Randolph and Robert Guillaume as the top gamblers—hasn't a weak member. Broadway, Bway at 53rd (247-7992).

Let My People Come—A musical by Earl Wilson Jr., directed by Phil Oesterman, concerning love in all its aspects. Mon thru Thurs at 8; Fri & Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).



An American Drama

Stephen Joyce plays a priest who is accused of killing a man in his parish in *The Runner Stumbles*, Milan Stitt's first play, which reveals a young writer of merit. Director Austin Pendleton has molded an exceptional ensemble performance from a first-rate cast. Little Theater, 240 W 44th.

The Magic Show—A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Doug Henning is starred as a magician, which he is. His "tricksters" are truly astounding, and daily figuring out beyond a hypothesis or two, which is both disturbingly awesome and just as it should be. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mat. Wed & Sat, Sun at 2 p.m. (J.S.) Cort, 138 W 46th (469-6392). Amex honored.

Me and Bessie—The raw fervor of Linda Hopkins's blues singing is all that matters here, and it's enough. Unfortunately, the show is also burdened with a silly script by Will Holt, which consists mostly of having Ms. Hopkins disavow the fact that she's Bessie Smith with all the fervor of a Kennedy disavowing politics. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed at 2; Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (71-7164). Amex honored.

My Fair Lady—Jerry Arner's direction tends to draw heavy lines under the best-loved moments, but he cannot obliterate this memento of popular musical theater's brightest creation. Christine Andreas's Eliza sounds better than it looks, but Ian Richardson is a flinty Higgins, and George Rose a roasting Doolittle. St. James, 246 W 44th (OX 5-5858).

Pal Joey—Rodgers and Hart's breezy 1940 masterpiece, in a revival nept in almost every way you could name: old direction (Ted Mann), flaccid choreography (Margo Sappington), and a cast whose inadequacy is a awesomely consistent. It's easy to see why Edward Villela walked out of the show; it's only surprising that more people don't. Thru 8/29, Circle in the Square, 1633 Bway (581-0720).

Pippin—The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Herson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Director-choreographer Bob Fosse's only law is an excess of inventiveness. (J.S.) Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Mat Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 45th & 8th Avenue (CO 5-2412). Amex honored.

Same Time, Next Year—Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avent*, and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle*, it is genuinely funny, often moving, and slyly perspicacious throughout. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2 (J.S.) Brooks Atkinson, 258 W 47th (585-5400).

Shenandoah—A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Gled; directed by Philip

Rose, stars John Cullum. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tear-jerking constitutes an itinerary. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. (J.S.) Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PR 7-9648). Amex honored.

The Three-Penny Opera—Erich Brecht, the splendid, imaginative stage (by Richard Foreman) restores the cutting edge of the play that was blunted in the famous off-Broadway version. Stanley Silverman's musical direction accomplishes similar results for Weill's marvelous music, and a large cast honors this act of resurrection as the wonder it truly is. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 9/6, Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th (EN 2-7616).

Very Good Eddie—A revival of an ancient (1915) musical done for a change with taste, respect, and a modest wit that positively glows. The cast is a little below deluxe, but the ensemble imports great life to Jerome Kern's charming score and Guy Bolton's still-funny jokes. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Booth, 222 W 45th (246-5969). Amex honored.

The Wiz—New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast, by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls, directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. (J.S.) Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

OFF AND OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Another Way To Love—Dramatization of sex fantasies. Thurs & Fri at 8 p.m. Loft Cabaret Theater, 127 Grand St (580-9119).

The Birthday Party—Harold Pinter's play plays 8/13, 14, 15, 20, 21, 28, 29, 30. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2568).

Boy Meets Boy—A musical spot of 30s movies that achieves gaudy in every sense, and is probably the first homosexual intelligence that could flourish in Dubuque. Bill Solly and Donald Ward have used light, antic strokes in their book, music, and lyrics. Mon, Wed, Thurs & Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7:30 & 10:30; Sun at 3 & 8. Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave So (242-9657).

A Chekhov Festival—Including two newly adapted works, presented by the Apple's Eye Theatre Company. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. \$2.50. Thru 8/15, Lou Mascotto's Studio 17, 17th St near 5th Ave.

The Cherry Orchard—Anton Chekhov's work, directed by Andres Castro. Fri, Sat & Sun, at 8 p.m. Thru 8/30. \$2.50. West Side Theater, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

The Collector—A play by David Parker based on the John Fowles novel, directed by Alan Gabor. Thurs thru Sat at 8 and Sun at 3 & 8. Greenwich Mews, 141 W 13th St (CH 3-6600).

Company—Stephen Sondheim's musical comedy. 8/20, 21, 27, 28 & 8 p.m. \$3. Fordham Summer Theater, Bronx, N.Y. (933-2233).

The Dance of Mataly Bart—Midwood's play, directed by Robin Hirsch. 8/16-122; 8/25-29 at 8 p.m. \$2.50. St. Clement's Theater, 423 S 46th (246-7277).

David Mamet's Plays—Sexual Perversity in Chicago and Duck Variation, two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about—well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takaszkas deftly underlines. Scores. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

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The Fantasticks—In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous divel has finally found its audience: one man who attends regularly because it cures his insomnia. **Tues-Fri** at 8 p.m. **Sat** at 7 & 10, **Sun** at 3 & 7:30. **Sullivan St Playhouse** at Bleeker (OR 4-8830). **Amex** booked.

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Enuff—Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of one of them, Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. **Tues** thru **Sun** at 7:30; **mat Sat** & **Sun** at 3. **Public/Anspacher**, 425 Lafayette St (677-1750).

Hay Fever—The Noel Coward Comedy classic performed by Actors Alliance. **Thurs** thru **Sat** at 8 p.m. **Sun** at 3 p.m. \$5. **Thurs 8/15**. **Provincetown Playhouse**, 133 MacDougal St (243-2332).

Infinity—Donald L. Brooks's play, directed and designed by the author, is a seven-ring circus presented in seven scenes. **Thurs** thru **Sat** at 8:30; **Sat** also at 11 p.m. \$2.50. **Thurs 8/28**. **Theater in Chelsea**, 348 W 20th (WA 9-2390).

Kingdom of Earth or The Seven Descents of Myrtle—Tennessee Williams's play, with Maggie Askew, Michael Longfield and Will Patton. **Thurs** thru **Sun** at 8 p.m. **Thurs** August. **Irbit Theater**, 120 W 28th (989-1947).

The Late Late Show—Musical revue, directed and choreographed by Net Hume, spoofing the familiar old movies. **Fri** & **Sat** at 11 p.m. \$1. **Net Hume Theater**, 440 W 42nd St (582-5713).

The Lesson—Eugene Ionesco's comedy. **Fri** & **Sat** at 10 p.m. **Thurs 8/28**. **Jean Cocteau Repertory**, Bowery Lane Theater, 330 Bowery and 2nd St (877-0060).

The Long and the Short and the Tall—Willis Hall's powerful play deals with the coming-of-age of a British army patrol during the Japanese invasion of Singapore. A good non-Equity cast, directed by Jack Corlies, is hampered by having to affect British accents that sound stagey and forced; otherwise, a worthy attempt. **Wed** through **Sat** at 8:30, **Thurs 8/14**. **Billyum Theater**, 302 E 45th (883-7584).

The Lover—Harold Pinter's dark comedy about suburban love, directed by Lynn Thomson. **8/18**, **19** at 8 p.m. **8/20**, **21** at 7:30 & 11 p.m. \$2. **New Foundation Company**, Theater-Off Park, 28 E 35th (242-3900).

Major Barbara—George Bernard Shaw's comedy, directed by Arthur Reel. **Tues** thru **Fri** at 7:30, **Thurs** August. \$3. **Drama Committee**, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Middle of the Night—Paddy Chabersky's play about the relationship between a young confused woman and an older successful manufacturer, directed by Martin Zuck. **Thurs**, **Sat** & **Sun**, at 8:30 p.m. **8/26**—**9/1**, \$2.50. **Jewish Repertory Theater**, Emanu-El Midtown YM-VYHA, 344 E 14th St (874-7200).

Measure for Measure—Joseph Papp presents Shakespeare's problem play, directed by John Pasquin, with Lenny Baker, Meryl Streep, Sam Waterston, John Cazale, Ron Randall, and settings by Santo Loquasto. **8/19**—**20**, **Tuesday** thru **Sunday** at 8 p.m. **Tickets** free on a first-come basis from 8:15 p.m. the day of the performance. **Delacorte Theater**, Central Park at the W 61st St entrance (677-1750).

M'Lis-A musical valentine to the Old West from the Bret Hartle story, directed by Robert Dandash. **Thurs 8/31**, **Thurs** thru **Sat** at 8 p.m. \$3. **Garris**, 225 W Broadway (242-3900).

The New Men—Play by John Von Hartz, directed by Norman Thomas Marshall. **8/11**—**6/15**, **Wed** & **Thurs** at 8 p.m. **Fri** & **Sat**, 7 & 9:30 p.m. **Sun** at 3 p.m. \$5. **No Smoking Playhouse**, 17 W 24th St (245-3973).

Night Over the Tiber—Richard Velez's look at greed, and ambitions of a group of actors. **Thurs** thru **Sun** at 8:15—**9/1**, **Provincetown Playhouse**, 133 MacDougal St (478-8282).

Othello—Shakespeare's monumental tragedy. **Wed** thru **Sun** at 7:30; **Sun** also at 2:30, **Thurs 8/15**, \$2.50. **The Cubiculo**, 414 W 51st (265-2136).

Six Characters in Search of a Plot—Scenes, skits and music developed by the cast in an improvisational workshop, directed by Martin DeMaat. **8/11**, **13**, **14**, **15**. **Theater Off Park**, 28 E 35th (683-4991).

A Sojourn Into Truth—Participatory theater as presented by Barbara Ann Ther. **8/12**—**16**. Every night at 8; **Sunday** at 2. \$4.50. **National Black Theater**, 9 E 125th (427-5615).



Native Theater Gold

Terry Alexander stars in **Streetsmen**. David Rabin's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. At the Mitzl H. Newhouse, 150 W 55th.

A Tide of Voices—Suzanne Granfield's new play about America in 1778, with Jean Sullivan and Peter Jensen. **Thurs** thru **Sun** at 8:30. **Thurs 8/4**. **South Street Theater** on Pier 17 (242-3900).

Tuscaloosa's Calling—Me-Three blithe spirits, led by the wry, elfin, enchanting Pat Perkins, celebrate New York's remaining pleasures in a revue that is modest, cheeky, and beguiling. Hank Beebe and Bill Heyer have turned out a parcel of endearing songs for the occasion. **Tues-Fri** at 8; **Sat**, 7:30 & 10; **Sun**, 3 & 7:30. **West Side Theater**, 407 W 44th (541-8394).

200 RPM—Musical drama extolling, with a folk beat, the lives of labor heroes and heroines with a cast of six singers and musicians. **Thurs**, **Fri** & **Sat** at 8; **Sun** at 3. **8/19**—**9/5**. \$2.50. **Hudson Guild**, 441 W 26th (477-0993).

Vanities—Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heller's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground (*The Group*, *Graess*, etc.), but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction gives the work cogency and wit. The cast—Kathy Bates, Jane Galloway, and Susan Merson—couldn't be better. **Westside Theater**, 407 W 43rd St (541-8394).

Waiting for Godot—Samuel Beckett's play, directed by Andrew Loucka. **Fri** & **Sat** at 8:30; **Sun** at 7:30. **8/26**, **8/29**, **8/30**. **Little Theater**, 150 W 26th (875-9689).

Women Behind Bars—Olive stars in the role of the prison matron in Tom Eyson's spoof of all those 1930's prison movies. **Loathsome**. **Tues-Sat** at 8; extra pre, 10:30 on **Fri** & **Sat**. **Truck and Warehouse Theater**, 79 E 4th St (777-0140).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

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Barbizon Plaza Library—6th Ave. **Wed**, 58th & 59th. **Lively** disco, open Mon thru **Sat** at 4:30, **Sun** at 3 a.m.; **Sat**, **p.m.** 3 a.m.; **Sun**, **p.m.** 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Catch a Rising Star—1487 1st Ave. Dinner, guest variety tunes emceed by comic Leny Schultz, and the Untouchables. Amateur hour Monday night (784-1906).

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Club Ibis-151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine, "Champagne," a revue with belly dancers, whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Also, dancing girls thru the lunch hours. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sundays (753-3471).

Dangerfield-1118 First Ave. Carmen McRae, one of the generation's best singers, appears here every night but Sunday. Her repertoire includes numbers from her latest album (593-1650).

Hippopotamus II-405 E 62nd A pratty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

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Jimmy Weston-131 E 54th. Stylish supper club. Dorothy Donegan, whose technical bravura often seems to swamp the keyboard, is more a jazz-influenced entertainer than a jazz pianist. She appears nightly except Sundays, 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. thru 9/4. Tommy Furuta Trio for dancing Tues thru Sat; Bernie Leighton Quartet Sun & Mon (838-6384).

Michael's Pub-211 E 55th. 6/3, Scott Hamilton, a brilliant young saxophonist, joins Billy Butterfield, Milt Hinton, Hank Jones, Buddy Tate, and Ronnie Cella from Tuesday thru Saturdays, until 8/14 (758-2272).

Playboy Club-5 E 59th. In the Playroom, a Bunny 76 revue. In the Cabaret, for the month of August, there's comedian Jackie Gayle (the man who insults Don Rickles), at 8:45 & 11:30 p.m. Tues thru Sun. Club open to keyholders only (PL 2-3100).

Prive-1078 First Ave. All white and silver elegant supper club, with Michael Trio singing and playing the piano Tues thru Sat (698-8778).

Rainbow Grill-30 Rockefeller Plaza. Picasso tapestries on one wall and mind-bending views of the city from the other three. Monique Van Vooren here thru 8/14. 8/16-21, comedian Morty Gunty and vocalist Janice Harper. Closed Sundays (PL 7-9090).

Rainbow Room-65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Buddy Morrow and his orchestra here through 8/15 (PL 7-9090).

Reflections-40 E 58th. Bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat; 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Reno Sweeney's-126 W 13th. Thru 8/14, Martha Schlamme, an interpreter of Kurt Wall's music, with Alvin Epstein, sings at 9 and midnight nightly, on a Tuesday through Saturday schedule. 8/17-21, the return of Novella Nelson. 8/22-9/8, closed for vacation (691-0900).

Roseland Dance City-239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (CI 7-0200).

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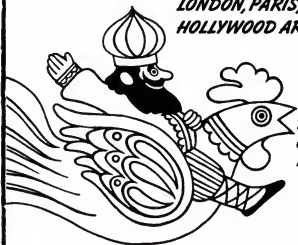
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Ali's Alley—77 Greene Street. Created and managed by the formidable drummer Rashad Ali, whose duets with John Coltrane were jazz landmarks in the 60s, this is a new club devoted to new music. Ali's current quintet includes the gifted alto Jimmy Vass, and the pacesetter pianist Don Pullin, bassist Benny White, and tenorist Marvin Blackman—Thurs thru Sun (226-9042).

Angry Squire—216 Seventh Ave, at 23rd. Restaurant-club, with entertainment by the Duke Clemons jazz trio, thru 8/15, Fri, Sat and Sun from 9 to 3 a.m. (243-8750).

Arthur's Tavern—57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).



Sweet and Low

Marty Berns plays the piano nightly, Monday through Friday, until 11 p.m., featuring movie sound-track scores, Beatle favorites, old and current musical comedy hits, and the classics, at The Assembly, 18 W 51st Street, Call LT 1-3580 for reservations.

The Ballroom—458 West Broadway. Charming small restaurant. Dean Pitchford, recently of Pippin, sings pleasant songs, Tues thru Sat thru 9/15 (473-9387).

Bar None—187 E 33rd. Attractive restaurant features Dardanelle who plays the piano like Tatum and sings like Lee Wiley—not a bad combination (684-3223).

Banhana **Pafesa**—15 W 44th. Teppanyaki-bibachi cooking, and Kuniko Kishiki plays 12th century Japanese love songs on the koto, Mon thru Sat, from 5 p.m. (682-7120).

Big Julie's—148 E 50th. An art deco steakhouse/club/disco with a mirrored facade and live entertainment. Thru 8/14, singer Ellen Kingsley with blues, light rock and jazz. Mon thru Sat, from 10 p.m. (759-7454).

Boomers—340 Bleecker, at Christopher. The New York Jazz Quartet, a tenacious band that holds to its own acoustic values, is here from 8/12. The musicians are Roland Hanna, Ron Carter, Frank Wees, and Ben Riley (243-0255).

Bottom Line—15 W 4th. Beginning 8/12, the eclectic reedman Yusuf Letefel brings in his twilight rhythm section, including pianist Kenny Barron, opposite a group led by the line vibranapist Bobby Hutcherson (226-6300).

Bradley's—University Pl at 11th. Walter Bishop, Jr., a fleet, sometimes provocative pianist in the Bud Powell tradition, duets this week with bassist Wilbur

Little. On Sundays, another distinguished Powellian, Barry Harris exudes keyboard panache (228-6440).

Churchill's—Third Ave at 73rd. Duke Jordan, a very special Parker-inspired pianist with his own brooding lyricism and a crystalline touch, battles the exigencies of the single's bar (650-1618).

Coopers—University Pl and 8th St. Helen Humes, the incomparable jazz singer, is back and should not be missed. Thru 9/8 she will be singing an enchanting repertoire of standards and blues in a high, glancing voice and with an irrepressible joie de vivre. On Sundays, Sammy Price, one of the last boogie woogie practitioners, suggests that the dying art still has some life to it. (OR 4-4450).

Court Street—1544 Second (btw 81st & 82nd). Lively discotheque with a live band. Live rock and soul start at 10 p.m. after the dinner hour, nightly. Decor is charming, and there's a dining porch (535-3394).

Crawdaddy—45th & Vanderbilt. The great jazz pianist Sammy Price plays here for the dinner clientele between 6 and 9 p.m., then jams with trumpeter Doc Cheatham (889-8331).

David's—Harp—131 W 3rd St. A groto-like cafe in Greenwich Village, with Shlomo Havivi, a folksinger-guitarist, leading his sextet in folk/rock sets (982-0328).

Eddie Condon's—144 W 54th. Red Balaban and Cats are the permanent band, a feisty, occasionally mellow distillation of Chicago Dixieland 8/10. Blues singer Carrie Smith, 8/15. Kenny Davern and Bob Wilbur with the Soprano Summit Quintet. (265-8277).

Grand Finale—210 W 70th. 8/10-22. Dorothy Collins, (remember *The Hit Parade*?) at 9 p.m. and midnight. Tues thru Sun. (595-4206)

Great Aunt Fanny's—340 W 48th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 (765-7374).

Grenadier—563 First Ave. A Victorian inn with continental cuisine. Richard Shadrout and John Standish entertain, Wed thru Sat, from 10:30 (753-2960).

Gregory's—1148 First Ave at 63rd. Wed thru Sun, Brooks Kerr leads a trio (Sonny Greer on drums, Russ Procope on sax). Mon and Tues, vibranapist Warren Chiasson is joined by guitarist Chuck Wayne, and bassist Wilbur Little; Mon thru Sat, 6 to 9, trumpeter-arranger Gene Roland leads a trio (371-2220).



A Little Height Music
Effie is a singer-pianist who spotlights jazz and singing past and present hits from Broadway and film. She is a **Glordano's**, 409 West 30th Street. Effie is six feet tall, although it doesn't show when she's at the piano. See her Tuesday through Sunday from 9 p.m. 947-3883 for reservations.

Hopper's—452 Sixth Ave. Joe Williams, a vocalist whose authority has always been underlined, but which steadily increases nonetheless, is in from 9/9, accompanied by a trio with the incomparably subtle pianist Ellis Larkins (260-0250).

Hutton's—220 Madison Ave. Attractive restaurant features Darwin, a pianist-singer who plays jazz and assorted musical favorites. Mon thru Sat from 6 p.m.-until closing (1 a.m.) (MU3-5658).

Jimmy Ryan's—154 W 54th. The electrifying trumpeter Roy Eldridge, who tends to bloom in the week hours, is accompanied by Johnny Morris, piano, Eddie Locke, drums, Ted Sargent, bass, Bobby Pratt, trombone, and a new addition on reeds, Clarence Hutckinder. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky, another voluble trumpeter, opts for earlier stylistic parameters (CO 5-9505).

Jim Smith's **Victory Corner**—Bleecker, at LaGuardia Music from 8:30 to 3 a.m. Wed thru Sun, it's Andy Lavigne, pianist. Mon & Tues, Armen Donnellian, pianist. Sundays singer Jane Valentine entertains (473-9762).

Michael's—Pub, 211 E 55th Tues thru Sat, Thru 8/14, Scott Hamilton with Billy Butterfield, Milt Hinton,

Hank Jones, Buddy Tate and Ronnie Cola. 8/17, vocalist Carrie Smith arrives, to stay thru 9/4. Mondays, Dixieland clarinetist Woody Allen indulges in wish fulfillment with his New Orleans Fusion and Ragtime Orchestra. Closed Sundays (756-2272).

Mike's—Columbus Ave. at 97th. The superb R&B band that holds court here now goes by the name of Snuff, and may be heading for the big time. Musicians include guitarists Cornell Dupree and Eddie Galt, bassist Gordon Edwards, pianist Richard Lee, and drummer Steve Gadd (864-8832).

Monsignore II-61 E 58th. Push new place on the site of the old one, with a great new chef, and leading guitarist-singer Nito San Miguel entertaining Woll Street Sat until 1 a.m. (EL 5-2070).

Nicker's 227 E 67th. Restaurant, open 7 days a week, and Mon thru Sat, pianist-singer Jerry Scott, with audience participation (794-2331).

O. Henry's-345 Sixth Ave. Village steakhouse, with Tiffany lamps, sawdust on the floor, and a clam bar. Music Sun thru Thurs, from 8, and Fri and Sat, there are Aldo Brusch, Jo Mirasole and Carlos Santana from 9 p.m. (CH 2-2000).

O'Lurney's-915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9:00; Sun from 7 for bluegrass. (751-5470).

Onde's-945 Second Avenue at 50th. Super club with pianist-singer Bill Russell, whose soft-sell piano medleys and vocals have set the mellow mood here since 1974. He entertains every night but Monday when Neapolitan troubador Dino Palermo takes over (752-9631).

Once Upon a Stove-325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-antique shop. Singing waiters, waitresses, bartenders and busboys in the Valentine Room Fridays and Saturdays. Joanne Baron here 8/10-12 (685-0044).

Other End-149 Bleeker. 8/10, Dannie Kalb and the U.S. Radio Band. 8/11-15, the wonderful, beautiful, heart-breaking star of Nashville, Miss Ronce Blakley and Greazy Wheels. 8/16-22, Jimmy McGriff (673-7030).

See Saw-1201 Lexington. Intimate cabaret (that means small) offers a salute to the silver screen. Bobby Green is here 8/10-14. Shows at 10:30 & 12:30 (514-6460).

Storville-41 E 58th. Like the Jazzmania loft downtown, this is a floating jam session, only with bigger names. From night to night, the music ranges from top to bod-rooted modern in style (755-1640).

Striker's-103 W 86th. Sun it's the Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma guitarists. Mon it's the Dava Matthews band, Tues & Wed, Chet Baker. Thurs, the Eddie Daniels Quartet. Fri & Sat, The Eddie Hazel tri (874-8754).

Top of the Gate-160 Bleeker St. Stanley Turrentine, a tenor saxophonist with a stopeville sound who has lately been recording muzak for the discos, brings in a quartet and may, who knows, smoko (GR 5-5122).

Village Vanguard-178 7th Ave. So, 8/10-15, Bill Evans, who invariably sounds like Bill Evans, returns with Eddie Gomez, bass, and Elliot Zigman, drums. Sometimes they glow like candlelight, rarely do they roar like fire. 8/16, the GI Evans Big Band. 8/17-22, Jimmy, Percy, and Albert Heath with their Quartet. Music starts at 10 (868-0018).

West End Cafe-2911 Broadway. at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays and Tuesdays, the Tiny Grimes Trio. On Wednesday, the Harold Ashby Quartet. Thursdays & Fridays, the Swing-Boogie Quartet. Saturdays & Sundays, the Two-Tenor Boogie and Paul Quinichette (666-8750).

Willie's-7 W 5th. Charles McPherson, the alto saxophonist who retains the bright lyricism of his idol, Charlie Parker, comes in 8/11 with a quartet (260-0400).

New York's Hotel Reservations

Want to stay at one of the places advertised in New York Magazine? Call us at 866-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to 9; 2 to 8, for rates and descriptive brochures. Reservations, of course, are made free of charge.

Children

Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-8872). *The Spinning Top*, 8/11 at 3; *Alfred the Dragon*, 8/14 at 2.

Children's Musical Theater, Westbury Music Fair (516-333-0533). *Little Red Riding Hood*, 8/13 at 11 & 2.

Children's Theater, Flushing Town Hall Performing Arts Center, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (961-1111). A weekly series of activities and entertainment, 8/14 at 11 & 1, 8/15 at 2.

Cottage Marionette Theater, Swedish Cottage, CPW at 81st St. (986-0093). Children's film festival, Tues-Fri at 11, 1:30 & 7; Sat at 11 & 1:30.

Garden Variety Mime Theater, South St. Saaport, South & John Sts. (929-7328), 8/15 at 12:30.

Little Theater of the Deaf Story Hour, Alice in Wonderland Statue in Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 76th St. (246-2277), 8/16 at 2.

Magic Towns House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165).

Magic shows every Sat & Sun at 2:15.

Magic With Mark, Nathan's in Times Square (594-7455), 8/15 at 1 & 3.

Moody Puppet, New Moravian Church, Lex. Ave. at 30th St. (891-8930). Children play act, play instruments, and help design a moody, Saturdays at 2.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Building, Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345). Multi-screen spectacles and special effects create scenes of New York past and present. Mon-Thurs, 11-7; Fri & Sat, 11-8; Sun, 12-8.

Off Center Theater, Cedar Hill, Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 79th St. (929-8299). *Crispus Attucks*, 8/15 at 2 & 3:30.

Penny Bridge Players, 128 St. Felix St., Brooklyn (783-8293). *Snow White & Rose Red*, 8/13 at 10:30; 8/11 at 1:30; 8/10 & 12 at 10:30 & 1:30.

12th Street Theater, 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Gingerbread*, (musical), Sat & Sun at 1 & 3.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Extended Runa



Accent on Music. Serge Franchi, taking time out from his commercials, delights his following at the Westbury Music Fair August 10-15. Appearing on the same bill is the internationally renowned composer and pianist Michel Legrand. The schedule of shows is as follows: Tuesday thru Friday at 8:30, Saturday at 7 & 10:30, and Sunday at 7:30 (516-333-0533).

Elton John, Madison Square Garden. The engagement runs thru 8/17. Shows are at 8.

Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons, Westchester Premier Theater. The engagement runs thru 8/15. Show times are Weekdays at 8:30, Saturday at 7 & 10:30, and Sunday at 7:30.

Tuesday, August 10

Mostly Mozart, Alice Tully Hall; Tokyo String Quartet, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Sheep Meadow, Central Park; Thomas Schippers conducts works of Brahms, Bartok & Bernstein, at 8:30.

Summer Songs: New York Choral Society, CAMI Hall; works of Mozart & Handel, at 7:30.

Cynthia Caglieno, pianist. Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts., at 5:30.

Festival Orchestra, Washington Square Park, at 8.



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GOLD MEDAL Showcase Theatres

Howard McGhee Quintet, Great Hall, 65 Liberty St., at 12:30.
See Chantays With the X Seamans Institute, South St. Museum, at 7:30.
Diane Bieh, organ, Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St., at 7.

Wednesday, August 11

Mostly Mozart, Alice Tully Hall; with Christopher Eschenbach, conductor & pianist, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Manna Park, Brooklyn; same program as 8/10, at 8:30.



Laughter in the Park
Robert Klein, our favorite funnyman, tickles the audience at the Wolman Theater in Central Park (Fifth Ave. at 59th St.) on August 11 at 8:30. The program, which also features Movies, is part of the Schaefer Music Festival's Summer series under the stars (249-9870).

Daniel Waltzman & Andrew Bolotowsky, flute concert, Whitney Museum Downtown Branch, 55 Water St., at 12:30.

Goldman Band, Darnoch Park, Lincoln Center, at 8.
Brian Brooks & Dan Miller, English, Irish & Scots folk music, The Bells of Hell, 105 W 13th St., at 9:30.

Roy Eldridge & His Band, jazz, Lower Plaza of Rockefeller Center, at 4:30.
Hugh Hendrix & the Buccaneers, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Thursday, August 12

Summer Sings: New York Choral Society, CAMI Hall; Handel's Messiah, at 7:30.
New York Philharmonic, Crocheron Park, Queens; same program as 8/10, at Tokyo String Quartet, at 8.

Tracy Schwarz & the Mason-Dixon Liners, bluegrass, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.
Goldman Band, Forest Park, Queens, at 8.

Friday, August 13

Ellis Larkins, piano, Jazz at Noon, Shepherds in the Draka Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (421-0900).

Goldman Band, Darnoch Park, Lincoln Center, at 8.
Mostly Mozart, Alice Tully Hall; with Christopher Eschenbach, conductor & pianist, at 8.

Robert Palmer/Burning Spear, Wolman Theater, 8.
Josh White Jr., bluegrass, Summergarden of MOMA, at 6.

The Outlaws, Calderone Concert Hall, 145 North Franklin St., Hempstead (516-481-4400), at 8.
Nekter/Roy Buchanan, Lunar Park, Bronx, at 7:30.
Robin Williamson, folk music, South St. Seaport, at 7:30.

Saturday, August 14

Mostly Mozart, Alice Tully Hall; with Christopher Eschenbach, conductor & pianist, at 8.
Junior Mance Trio, Jazz Club Sarno, 142 E 53rd St. (593-2023), at 10, 11:15 & 12:30.

Bluegrass & Old-Time Country Music Contest, South St. Seaport, at 7.

New York Philharmonic, Van Cortlandt Park; same program as 8/10, at 8:30.

Outlaws/Cate Bros., Wolman Theater, at 8:30.
Goldman Band, Seaside Park, Brooklyn, at 8.
Josh White Jr., bluegrass, Summergarden of MOMA, at 8.

Sunday, August 15

Mostly Mozart, Alice Tully Hall; with Christopher Eschenbach, pianist, at 8.

Bluegrass & Old-Time Country Music Contest, South St. Seaport, at 7.

Goldman Band, Darnoch Park, Lincoln Center, at 8.
Hilton Ruiz, jazz, Central Church, Park Ave. at 64th St., at 5.
Bronx Arts Ensemble, New York Botanical Garden Mall, at 2; Van Cortlandt Mansion, at 4.

Walter Baker, organ, St. Patrick's Cathedral, 460 Madison Ave., at 4:45.
Hote Casella, mezzo soprano, Seamen's Church Institute, 15 State St. (289-2710), at 3.

Monday, August 16

Mostly Mozart, Alice Tully Hall; with Leonard Slatkin, conductor, and Rudolf Firsirotu, pianist, at 8.

Latin Night: Eddie Palmieri/Hector Lavoe & Orchestra/Pete "El Conde" Rodriguez, Wolman Theater, at 8:30.

Bluegrass & Country Music, Gottesman Plaza, Amsterdam Ave. at 94th St., at 8.

Music in the Great American Band Tradition, Washington Square Park, at 8.

Judy Collins, Westbury Music Fair, at 8:30.
Julius Hemphill Quartet, Uto Theatrical Center, 597 Broadway (825-1475), at 8.

Tuesday, August 17

New York Philharmonic, Sheep Meadow, Central Park; with Erich Leinsdorf, conductor, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet; works of Wagner, Strauss, Copland, Beethoven & Pachelbel, at 8:30.

Kris Kristofferson & Rita Coolidge, Westchester Premier Theater, at 8.

Mostly Mozart, Alice Tully Hall; with The Cleveland Quartet, at 8.

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors: Opening Day Celebration, Lincoln Center Plaza, at 12.

Summer Sings: New York Choral Society, CAMI Hall; Bach's 8 Minor Mass, at 7:30.

Hugo Goldenzwerg, piano, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts., at 5:30.

See Chantays With the X Seamans Institute, South St. Pier 15, at 7:30.

George Burns & Carol Channing, Westbury Music Fair, at 8:30. The engagement runs thru 8/22. Show times are Tuesday-Friday at 8:30, Saturday at 7 & 10:30, and Sunday at 7:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Bacon Theater, 2124 Broadway (874-1717).
Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (538-4100).

CAMI Hall, 105 W 57th (972-0113).
Carnegie Hall & Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-9989).
Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera (580-9830). American Ballet Theater (787-3880).

New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 33rd (563-9000).

Nessee Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

2nd St. YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave. & 92nd St. (427-6000).

Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Uris Theater, 1633 Broadway (586-6510).

Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Westchester Premier Theater, White Plains Rd., Tarrytown (914-332-0500).

Wolman Theater, Central Park, Fifth Ave. at 59th (249-9870).

Opera

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *The Mikado*, 8/11-13 at 8:30, 8/14 at 4 & 8:30, 8/15 at 4.

New York Grand Opera Company, Central Park Mall, Fifth Ave. at 72nd St. (360-8124). *La Traviata*, 8/12 at 8.

Quasera Opera, Theater in the Park, Flushing Meadow (845-5059). *La Boheme*, 8/14 at 8.

Stuyvesant Opera Company, St. Jean Baptiste Church, 187 E 75th St. *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, 8/15 at 2:30.

Dance

ALVIN ALLEY DANCE THEATER STATE THEATER LINCOLN CENTER



Homage to Ellington
Alvin Alley has conceived a tribute entitled *An Ellington Celebration*, combining his famous dance company with an orchestra led by Mercer Ellington. For the first two days, August 10 & 11, the American Ballet Theater's Baryshnikov will guest star with the company, performing *Pas de 'Duke'* with the Alvin Alley ballerina Judith Jamison. At the State Theater in Lincoln Center (877-4727).

Tues, 8/10 & Wed, 8/11 at 8: All Ellington opening *Pas de 'Duke'*; *Night Creature*; *Caravan*; Thurs, 8/12 at 8: All Ellington; *The Mooche*; *The Road of the Phoebe Snow*; *Liberian Suite*; Fri, 8/13 at 8: All Ellington Premier: *Three Black Kings*; *The River* (with ABT); *Reflections in D*; *Night Creature*; *Caravan*; Sat, 8/14 at 2: All Ellington; *New Orleans Junction*; *Forty Reflections in D*; *Black, Brown & Beige*; *The Mooche*; Sat, 8/14 at 8: All Ellington; *The Mooche*; *The Road of the Phoebe Snow*; Sun, 8/15 at 1: All Ellington; *Afro-Eurasian Eclipse*; *Still Life*; *Echoes in Blue*; *Reflections in D*; *Liberian Suite*; Sun, 8/15 at 7: All Ellington; *Deep South*; *Three Black Kings*; *The Mooche*; *Caravan*; Tues, 8/17 at 8: *Black, Brown & Beige*; *Streams*; *Cry*; *Revelations*.

NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATER BEACON THEATER

Tues, 8/10 at 8: *Triad*; *Noumenon*; Trio From Vaudeville of the Elements; Group Dance From Sanctum; *Foreplay*; Wed, 8/11 at 8: *Temple*; Duet From Sonnetto; Triple Duet From Grotto; *Tensile Involvement*; *Styx*; Thurs, 8/12 at 8: *Triad*; *Noumenon*; Fri, 8/13 at 8: same program as 8/11; Sat, 8/14 at 5: same program as 8/10; Sat, 8/14 at 8:30: same program as 8/12; Sun, 8/15 at 5: same program as 8/11; Sun, 8/15 at 8:30: same program as 8/10.

OTHER

Dance Festival, City University Graduate Center Mall, 33 W 42nd St. (246-4818). Louis Goussier Dance Theater, 8/13-15 at 8.

Chuck Davis Dance Company, Jeanetta Park, 55 Water St., at 12:30.

Square Dancing & Folk Dancing, South Street Seaport Museum (799-9966) 8/18 at 7:30.

Wonderful World of Modern Dance: A dance work by Sally Boudreau, Construction Company Dance Studio, 542 LaGuardia Pl. (475-9948), 8/12 at 9.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes first one-man show in New York. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Karel Appel-Oils from 1950-1982, including two monumental portraits from his late period, plus later experiments in acrylic and collage, thru 8/18. **Gimpel & Weitzenhoffer**, 1040 Mad Ave. (828-1978). **Cecily Firestein-Rubbins** takes from cathedrals, movie palaces, hotels, manhole covers, others in 50 paintings of NYC, thru 8/27. **Phoenix**, 939 Mad Ave. (Rt4-5166). Mon-Fri 11-5:30. **Alexa Grace-Porelman**, works, thru 8/30. **Graham**, 1014 Mad Ave. (535-5877).

Nina Paull—Paintings and hand-painted silk-screens, thru 8/30. *Celebrity*, 65 E 82nd (268-1528).

OTHER

Don Freeman—Street scenes, the Broadway stage, NYC of the 30s and 40s by this artist-illustrator, thru 10/22. *Fedex*, 5 E 10th (237-5300). Mon-Fri 10-6.
Dorothy Heller—Spiritual script paintings exploring the mythic sources of mystic cults through language, thru 8/31. St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave at 112th (878-8888). Tues-Fri 9-5, Sat & Sun 12-5.
Paul Polere (1879-1944)—Eighty creations by this famous fashion designer, thru 9/11. F.I.T., 227 W 27th (760-7642).

Michael Russo—Wooden organic-design functional sculpture, thru 9/2. *Fumique*, 227 W 28th (564-0538). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Michael Todd—Three open, circular steel pieces, 12 and 14 feet high, meant to be touched and walked through, by this California sculptor, thru 9/4. *Hammerplod Plaza Sculpture Garden*, 2nd Ave at 47th (861-3115).

Alice Wood-Rag, chenille, and boundweave rugs and wall-hangings, 8/15-25. Sixth Estate, 85 Atlantic Ave, Bklyn (524-8900).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Aras—29 W 57th (421-1177). Tues-Fri 10-5. Tapestries, sculptures, and paintings by gallery artists, thru 9/3.

Criapo—41 E 57th (758-9190). Works by gallery artists, thru 9/15.

Dintenfels—50 W 57th (581-2258). Tues-Fri 10:30-5:30. Major works by gallery artists, including abstractions by Dove and precisionist interiors by Sheeler, thru 8/27.

Franklin—50 W 57th (757-6655). Mon-Fri 12-5. Humorous works on Bicentennial themes by Arneson, DeForest, Saul, Urquhart, Isen, Gilhooly, others; thru the summer.

Genesis—41 E 57th (751-7220). Contemporary British artists and sculptures, thru 9/11.

Gettier/Pull—50 W 57th (581-2724). Prints by Albers, Dine, Katz, Serra, Tillyer, others, thru 9/3.

Hammer—51 E 57th (758-0409). Impressions of NYC from 1900 to 1978 by March, Sheeler, Shinn, others, thru 8/18.

Kennedy—40 W 57th (541-9600). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30. 1978 Olympic posters, thru 8/20.

Pace—32 E 57th (H41-3292). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30. Sculpture by Dill, Dubuffet, Nevelson, Noguchi, Samaras, and Trova; paintings by Dine, Krasner, Noel and Youngerman, thru 9/24.

Portnoy—56 W 57th (757-0451). Concepts in clay, thru 9/11. Closed Sat.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Acquavella—18 E 79th (RE4-6300). Mon-Fri 10-5. Contemporary American and European masters including Bush, Caro, Estes, Klee, Motherwell, Picasso, others, thru 9/5.

African Tribal Arts II—37 W 53rd (562-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. New acquisitions plus African bestiary, thru 8/31.

Artweave—924 Mad at 73rd (794-0384). Tues-Fri 11-4. Pre-Colonial and Celtic weavings, thru 9/20.

Borgenicht—1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). Tues-Fri 10-5:30. Summer sculptures including purist works by Bolotowsky, metal insects by Grausman, figure studies by Kadish, others, thru 8/30.

Galeria Venezuela—7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4. Tapestries of birds, stars, stylized flowers, geometric shapes by Guajarin Indians, thru 8/31.

Gimpel Weitzenhoffer—1040 Mad Ave (828-1897). Works by Adams, Carter, Hepworth, Lavatelli, others, thru 9/4.

Kraushaar—1055 Mad Ave (LE5-9988). Mon-Fri 10-5. Recent works by gallery artists, 8/16-9/17.

Larcade—23 E 67th (249-4581). Tues-Fri 11-4. Gallery artists, thru 8/30.

SoHo

Castelli—20 W Bowly (288-4820). Mon-Fri 11-5. Artists' swag, Daphnis, Flavin, Judd, Kelly, Lichtenstein, Serra, Stella, others, thru 8/30.

Terrain—141 Greene (777-4480). Documents concerning the theory of Aesthetic Realism, thru 9/11.

OTHER

African-American Institute—833 United Nations Plaza (949-5666). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. Cotton appliqué wall hangings from Abomey, Benin (formerly Dahomey), showing allegorical representations of events in the country's history, thru 8/31.

Associated American Artists—663 5th Ave (PL5-4211). 19th and 20th century American prints dealing with drama, dance, vaudeville, and the circus by Avery, Barnet, Whistler, Sloan, others, thru 9/11.

Board of Jewish Education—428 W 58th (245-9200). Sun-Thurs 11-5. A carnival recreating the American-Jewish experience of the last 200 years, seen through works by senior citizens and some 1,000 students, thru 8/30.

City Center—131 W 55th (947-3745). Cultural Pluralism, the Jewish experience in America, thru 8/31.

Columbia-Butler Library, 114th bet B'dwy and Amsterdam Ave (280-5573). Mon-Fri 9-5. Portraits and momentos of Abraham Lincoln, including engravings, charcoal sketch by Borglum for Mt Rushmore, and souvenirs, thru 9/30.

Custom House—Bowling Green (425-0865). Wed-Sun 11-6. A Beaux-Arts style building housing 4 heroic sculptures by French and 8 colossal murals by Reginald March, thru 9/19.

Greener—1093 2nd Ave (836-7680). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 11-5. Paintings by Brown, Tomlinson, and Wolff; sculpture by Fajardo, thru 8/31.

Guinness World Records Exhibit Hall, Concourse Level of Empire State Bldg, 350 Fifth Ave. Open daily, 9:30-7.

Hedder—E 20th (533-4645). Tues-Fri 11-5:30. Fiber works by Amarel, Kusama, others, thru 9/3.

Library of the Performing Arts—Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave at 65th (790-6551). Mon, Thurs 10-9, Tues, Wed, Fri 10-6, Sat 12-6. 100 years of dance posters, thru 8/28.

Manhattan Art and Antiques Center—1050 2nd Ave (489-6900). Mon-Sat 10:30-5:30, Sun 12-6. Resin engravings of wild primeval landscapes by six South African artists, thru 8/31.

Master Eagle—40 W 25th (WA4-8277). Mon-Fri 9-5. Paintings and drawings by outstanding American illustrators including Briggs, Coker, Heid, Remington, Rockwell, others, thru 9/3.

New School—66 W 12th (741-5684). Tues-Fri 9-7. Hart Benton murals entitled "America Today," 1931; thru 8/30.

Nolo—542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sat 12-6, Sun 1-6. Works with Bicentennial themes by gallery artists, thru 8/21.

Spaced—165 W 72nd (787-6350). Architectural American seen through photographic essays of Williamsburg, the World Trade Center, Garden City, Long Island, others, thru 9/18.

Transworld Art—600 5th at 48th (757-2700). Mon-Sat 10-5. Prints and sculpture by Agam, Calder, Moore, Soto, others, thru 9/30.

Photography

Don Briggs/Paul Chesley—The land and rivers of Colorado's Grand Canyon/Mountainous regions of the Western United States, thru 9/3. Nikon House, 437 Mad Ave (486-1428). Mon-Fri 10-6.

Crossroad—2639 B'dwy (850-6650). Daily 12-12. En food group show, thru 8/30.

Gertrude Kasebier/Clearence White—Photos and photogravures by both, thru 9/11. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

David Margulies—People, the land, and death in Latin America, thru 8/31. Motal Custom Darkrooms, 10 E 45th (757-7874). Mon-Fri 9-5:30.

Manitowish-Hudson River Nature Center, Rt 90 Garrison 914 (424-3812). Daily 10-6. Mountainside forests, brooks, and Hudson vistas, thru 8/31.

Soho/Stiglitz—34 W 13th (875-9721). Sat & Sun 1-6, Tues 7-8. The Naked City by Veegee, graphic people and places by Carter, childhood memories by Krebs, and man-made forms by Mosser, plus 50 black-and-white studies of Chinatown from within its tenements by Chu, thru 8/29.

Third Eye—17 7th Ave S (891-5897). Thurs-Fri 4-8, Sat 12-6. Experimental works using a variety of techniques, thru 8/28.

Karen Tweedy-Holmes—Animals in Africa and the Bronx Zoo, thru 8/31. Popular Photography, 1 Park Ave at 32nd (725-2660). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Morris Warman—Portraits of Atlas, Churchill, Eisenhower, Frost, LaGuardia, others, thru 8/31. Autograph House, 48 E 88th (828-1010). Mon-Fri 9-5.

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Within-41 E 57th (355-1461). 19th century Britshers including Cameron's portraits of the 60s, Evans's cathedrals, and Frith's Egypt; plus the flower studs, street scenes, male nudes, others from 1801-1874 by Imogen Cunningham (1863-1876), thru 9/4.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun & Hols 11-5. *Recycling America's Resources:* Audiovisuals, graphics, and three-dimensional displays point up the dilemma inherent in diminishing supplies of minerals and forestry resources compounded by problems of solid waste management; thru 8/31.

American Museum-Hayden Planetarium-CPW at 81st (724-3413). Laserium: A cosmic concert under the stars, combining a laser beam and recorded music. Fri, Sat, and Sun at 7:30, 9, & 10.

Asia House Gallery, 112 E 64th St. (751-4210). Weekdays 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 1-5. *The Last Empire:* Victorian photographs of India; thru 8/29.

Brooklyn Museum-188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. An exhibition of pastels and watercolors by American artists from the eighteenth century to the present; thru 9/19.

Guggenheim Museum-Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Closed Mon. Paintings 1880-1945:* An exhibition of over 250 paintings, including masterpieces by Chagall, Mondrian, Picasso, Seurat, Léger, and others; thru 10/3. *Works of Jean Arp:* An exhibition of 25 of his works, consisting of large and small sculptures, and reliefs in wood, bronze, marble, and plaster; thru 8/22.

Hudson River Museum-511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers (914-953-6503). Theatrical *Evolution: 1776-1976:* Over 600 artifacts are included in this historical exhibition which brings to life the phases of the American theater from its European roots to contemporary Off-Off Broadway; thru 9/5.

International Center of Photography-Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *The Alaska Gold Rush: 1897-1901:* Historical photographs by E.A. Hegg. *Remarkable American Women: 1776-1976.* *Glimpses of America: 1945-75:* by Henri Cartier-Bresson. *Spectacle Sports:* Politics and Olympics in slides, video and film. All shows thru 9/12.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-8, Mon-Thurs 12-5. *Closed Fri & Sat.* *Image Before My Eyes:* A photographic history of Jewish life in Poland (1864-1939); thru 9/5. *The Book and the Spade: Archaeology and the Bible:* An exhibition dealing with the subject of Biblical archaeology which captures (thru artifacts, charts, models, photographs, and maps) the sweep of 2,000 years of Biblical history; thru 1977.

Metropolitan Museum of Art-Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Closed Mon.* *Summer Mountains: The Timeless Landscape:* An exhibition of Chinese landscape paintings from the 11th to the 18th centuries; thru 9/7. *French Terracottas:* The first presentation of eight terracotta sculptures by 18th century French masters; thru 10/31. *American Ephemeris:* An exhibition of about 250 objects from the museum's print collection, which includes advertisements, wedding certificates, circus and theater posters, cigar bands, and others; thru 8/15. *Studies in Connoisseurship: Chinese Paintings From the Arthur M. Sackler Collection:* Forty-one masterpieces of later Chinese paintings from this major collection illustrate the work of 24 painters of the 14th to the 20th centuries; thru 9/7. *Tricolor: 17th Century Dutch, 18th Century English, and 19th Century French Drawings:* An exhibition of about 90 drawings from the Robert Lehman Collection, many of which have not previously been on view; thru 10/3.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 38th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30; Sun 1-5.

Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Mon-Fri 1-5. *We the People: A "Third World" exhibition* of poems, paintings, photographs, and graphic arts; thru 8/26.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (561-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *The Paper of the State:* A biennial exhibition honoring New York folk art and folk artists, thru 9/24.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5. *Closed Mon.* *We Never Gave Up the Earth:* An exhibition exploring aspects of the history of Indian and White relationships from the Colonial period thru the Westward expansion.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (877-8889). Tues-Sat, 11-8; Sunday, 1-6. *Closed Mon.* *Objects: USA:* An exhibition of 90 pieces of extraordinary objects in ceramic, fibers, glass, metal, wood, and other craft materials from the Johnson Collection of Contemporary Crafts; thru 9/19.

Museum of Modern Art-11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6; Thru 11-9. *Closed Wed.* *The Taxi Project: Realistic Solutions for Today:* Two American and two European car manufacturers have produced four new working prototypes of taxis, based on specifications developed by the museum; thru 9/7. *The Architecture of Luis Barragán:* Illustrated by slides are seven of the most accomplished projects of this Mexican landscape architect; thru 9/7. *Handmade Paper: Prints and Unique Works:* Works by Jim Dine, Jasper Johns, Robert Motherwell, others; thru 9/28. *American Drawings: Recent Works:* A score of drawings including works on paper by Gorky, Pollock, Rothko, David Smith, and several contemporary artists; thru 9/12. *Longer Views:* 40 photographs by Nick Nixon; thru 10/5. *André Masson: A retrospective* of over 90 paintings and a wide selection of drawings by this pioneer Surrealist; thru 8/17. *Panama Canal Photographs by Ernest "Red" Hallen;* thru 10/3. *The museum's Summer garden* is now open Fri-Sun from 6-10.

Museum of the City of New York-Fifth Ave at 103rd (534-1872). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Closed Mon.* *Salute to the Shuberts:* An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia in observance of the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Shubert Organization; thru 10/31. *Trick Toys From the Gold Collection:* An exhibition of extraordinary optical and mechanical toys; thru 1/8.

New York Historical Society-170 CPW at 77th (873-3400). Sun, Tue-Fri 1-5, Sat 10-5. *Decorative Arts:* A new permanent exhibition of American glass and pottery, export porcelain, metalwork, pewter, brass, furniture, and needlework. *Campaigns, Conventions & Candidates: New Yorkers and the Four Years:* Political cartoons, newspaper clippings, campaign buttons, posters, and sheet music depict New York candidates in presidential campaigns of the 19th and 20th centuries. An exhibition featuring the first printing of the Declaration of Independence, and portraits of some members of the Continental Congress who drafted the Declaration.

New York Public Library, Central Building, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-4. Independence: A Literary Panorama 1770-1850: Manuscripts and rare printed editions from the first century of American literature; thru 9/17. *Printmaking in America: 200 years of American prints;* thru 9/30. *Names on the Land: Selected regional gazetteers;* thru 9/27. *Josef Albers 1888-1976:* Over 50 prints by this noted artist and teacher; thru 10/4. *New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. Mon-Sat 12-5, 100 Years of Lincoln Center Posters;* thru 8/28. *The Performing Arts (1840-1975):* As seen by Fred Felt; thru 9/14. *Political Conventions on Stage and Screen;* thru 9/30. *Dance USA: A Bicentennial survey of American dance;* thru 10/1.

Queens Museum-New York City Bldg, Flushing Meadows-Corona Park (592-2405). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Closed Mon.* *Queens Artists '75:* Paintings, prints, and photographs; thru 1/4. *Panorama:* A scale model depicting in detail each of the five boroughs. *Cow:* Paintings, sculpture, and decorative arts ranging from 3,000 B.C. to the present illustrate how the cow has continuously occupied the minds of artists; thru 9/12.

South Street Seaport Museum-18 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6. *Farewell to Old England: New York in Revolution:* A biennial display which explores the revolutionary years in New York thru the eyes of three men of different political persuasions. The exhibition includes contemporary illustrations, quotations, and artifacts evocative of life and trade in New York during the second half of the 18th century. *A Closer Look at Trade:* Artifacts, models, and photographs of the ships and boats of New York, past and present; thru March. *Printing Museum, 211 Water St.:* A permanent gallery of 19th Century industrial printing presses, part of

Bowne & Co. Stationers, a working printing shop using original 19th Century hand-operated printing presses and wood type, Model Gallery, 207 Water St. The Seaport Museum's fine collection of old ship models.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5555). Tues, Thurs & Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6. Closed Mon.

Whitney Museum-Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. Two Hundred Years of American Sculpture: A bicentennial exhibition honoring the works of 165 American artists; thru 9/26. **Downtown Branch**, 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3, Sat, 12-3. **Building the Brooklyn Bridge**: The first public exhibition of the original drawings for the design and construction of the Brooklyn Bridge, thru 8/13. **Whitney Museum Art Resources Center**, 185 Cherry St (964-4560).

Sports

BASEBALL

New York Mets, Shea Stadium (572-3000): vs. San Diego Padres: 8/10 & 11 at 8:05, 8/12 at 2:05; vs. Cincinnati Reds: 8/13 at 2:05, 8/14 & 15 at 2:05. 8/14 & 15 at 2:05.
New York Yankees, Yankee Stadium (293-4300): vs. Texas Rangers: 8/16 & 17 at 8.

TENNIS

New York Nets, Nassau Coliseum (516-794-9100): vs. Phoenix Racquets: 8/13 at 8; vs. Indiana Pacers: 8/14 at 8. Should the Nets qualify for the Eastern Division Playoffs, they will play 8/17 at the Coliseum at 8.

Miscellaneous



Holiday on Ice
This season's ice spectacle stars the incomparable Peggy Fleming, and also features Olympic medal winner Dianne de Leeuw, Jill Shpetad, and the Muppets. The engagement runs August 18-20. Show times are Tuesday thru Fridays at 7:30, Saturdays at 2 & 7:30, and Sundays at 1 & 5. There are also special matinees 8/19, 24 & 25 at 2.

Double-Decker Tours-The Municipal Arts Society conducts Sunday afternoon bus tours of Fifth Avenue and vicinity, emphasizing architectural and cultural heritage of the area. Bus leaves Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 63rd St., and motors down the Avenue to Washington Square Park and back uptown to the Metropolitan. Bus leaves at noon and 3 p.m. For further information call 628-4555.

Guided Cruises: Manhattan Circle Line Tour, Pier 83, Hudson River at 43rd St. (563-3200). Brooklyn: Rockaway Line, Pier 10, Emmons Ave. at E 21st St., Brooklyn (763-1357).

Guided Tours-Free tours of the New York Public Library's Central Building (Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.) are conducted by trained volunteers Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 11 a.m. & 2 p.m.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Building, 8th Ave. between 48th and 49th Sts. Multi-screen spectacle and special effects create scenes of New York past and present. Mon-Thurs 11-7; Fri & Sat 11-8; Sun 12-8. (889-0345).

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A Harlot High and Low: Reconnoitering Through the Secret Government By Norman Mailer



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MAGRUDER



J. F. KENNEDY



R. F. KENNEDY

A long trail infested by the CIA's "moles" leads from the death of Marilyn Monroe to Watergate. In this analysis, the author explores the bizarre, interconnecting burrows underneath it all.

THERE ARE NO ANSWERS. THERE ARE ONLY QUESTIONS.
—Jean Malaquais



Traveling in circles: A symbolic map of instruments and/or agents of the secret government.



A HARLOT HIGH AND LOW was the English title given to *Splendeurs et misères des courtisanes*, one of Balzac's best novels. The book was concerned as much with secret police as with the prostitutes who passed through its pages, but then whores and political agents made a fair association for Balzac. The harlot, after all, inhabited the world of *as if*. You paid your money and the harlot acted for a little while—when she was a good harlot—as if she loved you, and that was a more mysterious proposition than one would think, for it is always mysterious to play a role. It is equal in a sense to living under cover. At her best, the harlot was a different embodiment of a fantasy for each client, and at those moments of existence most intense for herself, the role she assumed became more real than the reality of her profession.

A harlot high and low. The pores of society breathe a new metaphor—the enigma of intelligence itself. For we do not know if the people who make our history are more intelligent than we think, or whether stupidity rules the process of thought at its highest level. Is America governed by accident more than we are ready to suppose, or by design? And if by design, is the design sinister? Are the actors playing roles more intricate than we expect? Trying to understand whether our real history is public or secret, exposed or—at the highest level—underground, is equal to exploring the opposite theaters of our cynicism and our paranoia.

For instance, we may be getting ready to decide that the CIA was the real producer of Watergate (that avant-garde show!), but where is the proof? We have come to a circular place. The CIA occupies that region in the modern mind where every truth is obliged to live in its denial; facts are wiped out by artifacts; proof enters the logic of counterproof and we are in the dream; matter breathes next to antimatter.

There are Americans whose careers are composed of fact. One does not begin to comprehend certain men without their collections of fact. It would probably be crucial to know if Harry S. Truman had been happy or angry on a given day since that would enter the event of the day. He lives on an elementary level of biography. There are personalities, however, like Marilyn Monroe, for whom there are no emotional facts. It does not matter on any particular occasion if she was pleased or annoyed, timid or bold, even successful or unsuccessful. Her mood did not matter on a given day since she would as easily be feeling the opposite five minutes later. Moreover, she was an actress. She was able to simulate the opposite of what she felt. Since she was surrounded by people in show business who felt no need to be accurate if that interfered with a good story, one could not begin to discover the facts about such a woman, only the paradoxes. It may be that the difficulties in coming to know Marilyn Monroe offer a modest model for our penetration of Central Intelligence.

I

A Skew in Sociology

Questions of social class and snobbery have always been very important in the CIA. With its roots in the wartime Office of Strategic Services (the letters OSS were said, only half-jokingly, to stand for "Oh So Social"), the agency has long been known for its concentration of Eastern Establishment, Ivy League types. Allen Dulles, a former American diplomat and Wall Street lawyer with impeccable connections and credentials, set the tone for an agency full of Roosevelts, Bundys, Cleveland Amory's brother Robert, and other scions of America's leading families. There have been exceptions, to be sure, but most of the CIA's top leaders have been white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, and graduates of the right Eastern schools. While changing times and ideas have diffused the influence of the Eastern elite throughout the government as a whole, the CIA remains perhaps the last bastion in official Washington of WASP power, or at least the slowest to adopt the principle of equal opportunity.

—Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks,
The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence



HAT A BABY! KNOWN affectionately as the Company, it was delivered to America by the Central Intelligence Agency Act of 1949, and grew from 5,000 employees in 1950 to 15,000 by 1955. Because the old OSS was not nearly large enough to make up its cadres, the CIA raided the FBI to obtain some of its first agents (thereby commencing an immense feud with J. Edgar Hoover) and also did its best to strip the army, the navy, the air force, the State Department, and virtually every other government bureau of good personnel. There was, after all, a vision. The potential functions of the CIA were calculated to become immense. They became immense. All intelligence was the purview. There was no reason, for instance, why the best long-term weather forecasts in America should not derive from CIA weather experts—knowledge of the weather helped crops; large crops were an instrument of foreign policy. No vein, therefore, of American business or culture was independent of Intelligence—not finance, media, economic production, labor-management relations, cinema, statistical theory, fringe groups, Olympic teams. There was no natural end to topics the CIA could legitimately interest itself in.

Since we live in an age of general systems, where all knowledge is assumed to live ultimately in the same field as other knowledge, so, from its inception, the CIA looked to draw its experts from every field: bankers, journalists, lobbyists, colonels, professors, commodores, soil-erosion specialists, diplomats, business consultants, students, lawyers, doctors, poison specialists, art experts, public-relations men, magazine editors, movie technicians.

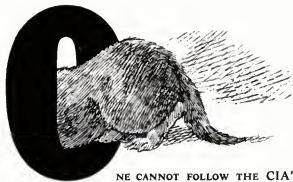
Out of every occupation in American life, men and women were drawn to make up the first cadres of the CIA, and they were often the best in their field.

Because the CIA, like other government bureaus, had a table of organization which limited the rank and salary of its employees, the Company had from the beginning an army of officers serving as privates. There was not room for the amount of ambition in its ranks. People moved out of the CIA almost as quickly as they went in and returned to universities, businesses, other government departments, and major foundations, or back to their previous occupations in American life. Of course, a banker who had been a CIA man and was now in finance again was hardly the same banker. Nor had he necessarily left the CIA. If it had been the most exciting experience of his life and/or the most patriotic, he had sentimental loyalties to the Company. He was out of the CIA but still an effective member of it. Sometimes he might even be on call for special jobs or be asked for privileged information on the movements of his financial community.

Like the breaking out of a virus from the host cell, the metastasis of a cancer colony, or the leavening of yeast in bread—depending on one's point of view—the CIA offered a suffusion into the joints and pores of American life so complete that no master list of its active and reserve members (not to speak of its devoted sympathizers) was ever available. One CIA man could never know for certain whether a CIA man who had left the CIA did not still belong to it, and if he did, there were often excellent reasons no record should exist, particularly if he belonged to the Company as to a club, and took no salary. Some agents who left the CIA but were still in it, or of it, might have given reports every week of their life. Others may never have reported once. Like "moles"—it is the CIA word—they waited underground through the seasons working at their private career in order to be of eventual use. Some old agents might still be reliable, some might not—some might report only to one old friend in the agency. No one would be certain finally who belonged and who did not. In places like the State Department, one could begin to guess, but never know, whether the first allegiance of many a foreign-service officer was to the State desk or to the Company's cover. Since the leaders of the CIA came from a social, financial, and corporate elite, it could be said that the agency was the militant arm of the Establishment, an order of potential martyrs to Henry Luce's American Century.

The CIA is currently the owner of one of the biggest—if not the biggest—fleets of "commercial" airplanes in the world. Agency proprietaries include Air America, Air Asia, Civil Air Transport, Intermountain Aviation, Southern Air Transport, and several other air charter companies around the world ... [but] CIA headquarters ... has never been able to compute exactly the number of planes flown by the airlines it owns, and personnel figures for the proprietaries are similarly imprecise. An agency holding company, the Pacific Corporation, including Air America and Air Asia, alone accounts for almost 20,000 people, more than the entire work force of the parent CIA. For years this vast activity was dominated and controlled by one contract agent, George Doole, who later was elevated to the rank of a career officer. Even then his operation was supervised, part time, by only a single senior officer who lamented that he did not know "what the hell was going on."

—The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence



NE CANNOT FOLLOW THE CIA'S USE

of funds: Nobody is meant to know where all the Company's sources of money originate nor how they begin to end. At the core of many a CIA operation is the need for secrecy in the use of money. Some foreign official has to be bought, or expensive military equipment must be left as a gift in another country. If spies are to be paid, and foreign companies infiltrated, if Central American troops are to be trained for invasion forces, and drug traffics infiltrated for the information they will supply on Indo-Chinese troop movements, if a hundred semilegal or near-to-criminal patriotic activities need to be lubricated without congressional grit in the bearings, then money has to pass down to active operative levels in the middle regions of the Company without scrupulous bookkeeping. It was better for the director of the CIA not to know what his agents were up to, not if he had to testify on oath before congressional committees. What one did not know, one could not tell. It was therefore the essence of policy for no one to be in command of more information than he needed—a cellular society has to have waterproof compartments, enclaves. Money, therefore, did not always have to be accounted for; indeed, it often was put into an activity on no more than the word of the good character (and/or good family) of the agent who requisitioned it. No word needed to come back on what had been done with the bread, who was bought, who was killed, who made a profit.¹

Since inside information on foreign currencies, or the domestic commodities market and gold market, or advance warning of a devaluation in the dollar, was as available on occasion as money, it is unthinkable that some of the Wall Street men in the CIA did not make secret investments for the agency (that is, for their enclave in the agency) which soon brought back huge profits by virtue of the secret information which had first encouraged the investment. That kind of surplus could now be used for ultrasecret operations or for even more resplendent financial investments. It is novelistically intoxicating to contemplate the pyramiding of wealth which must have gone on in some enclaves of the CIA. What a congeries of friendly and competitive financial empires may have begun to exist within the agency! For all we know, and we will not soon know, half the Swiss banks are now controlled by agents, facets, wings, arms, committees, councils, operators, and officers of the CIA. Contemplating the mix of real names and false names, actual companies and fronts, declared and secret investment, legal and illegal accounting, fair and flawed computers, it is doubtful that we will ever be able to measure the wealth manipulated by the CIA. Add to this the inevitable

intimacies and financial interrelations of such prime possibilities as Hughes, Vesco, and J. Paul Getty, plus the covert investments of the agency in any number of multinational corporations (with the Mafia and without)—lo, it is not so difficult to think that the economic history of the Arab nations may yet be seen to shine by the secret light of the Company's resources. One cannot, of course, know. It is just that it is easier to believe in such a scenario than to assume that all those proud, powerful Company patriots with their comprehensive information and financial skills never used CIA money to make money that did not have to be accounted for.

Besides, it would be interesting to guess the magnitude of the CIA's secret funds. Out of the real \$10-billion Intelligence budget would come the seed money for concealed investments; if the process has been going on for 25 years with continuous reinvestment, then these secret investments could total by now anywhere from \$25-billion to \$100 billion, not an impossible sum for the 25 years it has been burgeoning if we compare it to the income of the CIA's senior partner, the Mafia—but we anticipate.

I have worked on projects with many CIA men so unaware of the entire operation that they had no realization and awareness of the roles of other CIA men working on the same project. I would know of this because inevitably somewhere along the line both groups would come to the Department of Defense for support. I actually designed a special office in the Pentagon with but one door off the corridor. Inside, it had a single room with one secretary. However, off her office there was one more door that led to two more offices with a third doorway leading to yet another office, which was hidden by the door from the secretary's room. I had to do this because at times we had CIA groups with us who were not allowed to meet each other, and who most certainly would not have been there had they known that the others were there. (For the record, the office was 4D1000—it may have been changed by now; but it stayed that way for many years.)

—L. Fletcher Prouty, *The Secret Team*

It is inevitable that there should be a loss to CIA agents of a clear boundary to their identity. A man may work in the CIA for twenty years and never perform the role his title suggests he is performing. Two men may work side by side in the same office for ten years and never learn the other's real work, or to the contrary may know the work intimately but not have a clue on what it is designed to cover. A man's wife may only guess at his real activities. Old moles who have been working at a separate career for years might find themselves suddenly activated as agents and have to deal with CIA men who are present under a new cover themselves.

After years of such work, one may no longer be certain of one's own function, loyalty, or sanity—one can hardly be certain of the identity of one's friends, and one can never be sure the CIA has or has not made a new piece of history. It is impossible, for example, for anyone in the Company ever to be positive the agency had absolutely nothing to do with the assassinations of the sixties. In such a medium of existence, paranoia is equal to logic itself, and an infinite number of scenarios may dance on the head of a pin. There is always the unforgettable paradigm of the double agent Azev, who, in the years before the Russian Revolution, spied on the Bolsheviks for the czarist police, but in the course of his false Bolshevik duties murdered czarist police with such daring that Azev rose high in Bolshevik circles and became one of

¹The Pike committee in Congress had a withheld report (published in the *Village Voice*, February 16, 1976) which decided that the real intelligence budget is not \$3 billion, the estimate given to Congress, but is "closer to \$10 billion," the missing \$7 billion being buried in the appropriations of other departments. Ten billion dollars is roughly equal to the annual budget of New York City.

Lenin's most trusted men. Indeed, Lenin could not at first believe the captured files of the czarist police although they gave unimpeachable evidence that Azev was a double agent. Where is the root of identity in that kind of man?

The human brain is divided: into a right lobe and a left lobe; a bold side and a cautious one; a moralist and a sinner; a radical and a conservative; a live lover and a dead one; a wit and an idiot; a hard worker and a sloth. We are all ourselves, and to some degree we are the opposite of ourselves. Consider the overlays of personality which accompany these shifts of identity when a cover story is added—there must be an actual need to function as double agents now that the psyche has been already once divided! Then contemplate the variety of political activities which take place within the Company: from the right-wingers of the John Birch Society to the social engineers who brood in private over *The New York Review of Books*; consider the ideological wars which go on between cold warriors and lovers of détente, between those who would presumably die for more government and those who wouldn't mind killing for less. If we take into account the functional need of the agency to have its enclaves cut off from responsibility or accountability, and in turn the natural propensity of these enclaves to become—in compensation for the dirtiness of the work—political, that is, to fight for political ends within the CIA and maneuver for power at the top, as well as engage in capers on their own to affect the internal history of the United States, how then can they not use every tool ranging from straight financial manipulation to Syndicate involvement to assassination? Yes, try to keep up (if you are the director) with the movements of agents in the CIA attempting to infiltrate rival enclaves. The mind reels. The scenarios do a dervish. To live with a role is to live as an actor—so soon as the role is more satisfying than the life, all clear boundaries of identity are lost. All the more reason, then, for the CIA man to try to find an identity within his false identity by way of some enclave that satisfies his political needs. It is a way of saying he looks for a secret political action which will seem authentic to him—an action that can cut through the confusion of enigmatic projects and multiple identities in order to give the country what it really needs, that is, what he believes America secretly desires.

It is against the background of this mammoth of shuffled identities, concealed fortunes, fever-hot enclaves, secret killers, paranoid visions, osmotic bureaucratic walls, pervasive unaccountability, double agents, infiltrated capers, and cross capers that we attempt to look at Watergate. If what has been proposed already is valid at all, then we can be certain no clear picture will come to us soon. It is better to recognize that we are blind and can only try, through the distorted reverberation of the echo, to improve our knowledge of the mood. Of course, that is the true perception of the blind.

II

A Hitch in Historiography

Haldeman ordered an exhaustive investigation into O'Brien's relationship with billionaire Howard Hughes. Caulfield reported back in a Jan. 25, 1971, memo that the investigation could bubblegum in Nixon's face.

The Hughes organization's "tentacles touch many extremely sensitive areas of government," cautioned Caulfield, "each of which is fraught with potential

²The memo actually said "Maheu's tentacles. . ." We will meet Maheu before long.

for Jack Anderson type exposures."²

—Jack Anderson, the Washington Post, June 6, 1974

The phantom billionaire repeatedly insisted upon total secrecy. He didn't want "the most microscopic chance of the slightest hint being accidentally dropped to anyone," stressed a typical memo. Another time, he declared that his informants "put their very lives in jeopardy with some of the disclosures they make to me, and if they thought this information went to anybody—no matter whom—they would not continue to inform me."

—Jack Anderson, May 23, 1974

Howard Hughes has not been interviewed or photographed by any pressman since 1958.

—Stephen Fay, et al., Hoax



BY THE END OF HIS LIFE, HUGHES satisfies some idea in us of the giant amoeba or master spider. If he first appeared on the screen of the American media as a wealthy and prodigiously eccentric young man, reminiscent of Orson Welles at the beginning of *Citizen Kane*, he ended as one of the wealthiest recluses and most mysterious right-wingers of history (that is, assuming it was Hughes who just died and not one of his—more than one—legendary doubles). He is at once the principle of total invisibility in public life and a gargoyle out of *The Day of the Locust*. We think fondly of young Hughes, his racing planes, and his movies: *Scarface*, *The Front Page*, and *Hell's Angels*; his stars: George Raft, Jean Harlow, Bob Mitchum, Jane Russell; and then we read of the old gink who abhors bacteria as Dracula fears the cross.

Hughes kept his last wife, movie actress Jean Peters, on a yo-yo string. He would disappear for long stretches and send her endearing but false messages. . . .

In 1965, he promised to have Thanksgiving dinner with her. But because of his fear of germs, he told her to sit across the room from him. She walked out in a huff.

The following year, he persuaded her to join him in Boston where he promised they would settle down. But again, he kept her at across-the-room distance. She put up with it for three days.

—Jack Anderson, May 23, 1974

Since secrecy was his antiseptic, the media are often tempted to portray his ventures as absurd. The story of the \$350-million CIA contract for the Glomar Explorer came out in the press as a huge and peculiar sum for the CIA to pay Hughes to design a boat that could "retrieve military codes and nuclear warheads from a Soviet submarine sunk three miles deep in the Pacific . . . [especially] since the codes were outdated and the value of the other information was negligible."³

³Howard Kohn, "Strange Bedfellows—The Hughes-Nixon-Lansky Connection," Rolling Stone.

Of course, the Soviet submarine might only have been the cover. Maybe, it was wiser to assume the CIA had grown concerned with finding a new source of minerals to compete with Third World cartels. They could have "awarded Hughes the \$350 million to develop an advanced technology for underwater mining—thereby giving Hughes a head start toward a bonanza with more potential than oil. . . ."⁴

The Glomar bonanza could leave Hughes, by some counts already the wealthiest man in the world, an order of magnitude wealthier. But then for two decades Hughes must have been suffering something like the psychosis of a heavyweight champion. (Every heavyweight champion has to be a fraction insane since he cannot know if he is the greatest fighter alive or if some unseen maniac of the martial arts is getting ready to destroy him in an alley.) So Hughes had to wonder whether he was making history or was only a servant of the history the CIA might be making through him. He could not know, and no one looking on from the outside could know, how much of the CIA was part of his operation or how much of his operation was directed by the CIA. Indeed, was there even a live man named Hughes at the center of it all, or was there a Special Committee?⁵ Suffice it that whatever entity was comprised by his name, Hughes had properties. Since we don't know what we are dealing with, let us designate it HUGHES.

HUGHES's corporations earned more than half a billion dollars a year from government contracts alone and 32 such contracts were with the CIA. That was the largest number held by any corporate entity with the Company. *Time* fortified such figures: "During the past ten years Hughes Aircraft, which relies almost exclusively on Government work, has won nearly \$6 billion in Government contracts. . . . There was also about 6 billion dollars more in secret contracts with the CIA over this period. . . . Asserts one former Pentagon official, 'Their interests are completely merged.'"⁶ So, HUGHES, whoever HUGHES was, might begin to look like the pope of Avignon to any director of the CIA. If an enclave needed funds for a special caper, who was better than HUGHES to fund it? HUGHES was Daddy Warbucks to the CIA. HUGHES owned half of Las Vegas. HUGHES, by way of various intermediaries, had absorbed it from Meyer Lansky. Since the CIA already had associations with Lansky, easily as old as their mutual attempts to assassinate Castro, the Company could now, by way of HUGHES and Las Vegas, enter into another majestic interface with the Mafia, that is, with half the labor unions of America, and nearly all of the entertainment industries, the construction industries, the highway, travel, and tourist industries, not to speak of the more celebrated nonlegal industries like prostitution, pornography, narcotics, and—the finest operation yet discovered for laundering huge sums of money and evading the IRS—gambling. (If the Mafia had detested the very mood and atmosphere of gambling casinos, it would still have been obliged to get into the business for the legerdemain it offered to heavy sums.) In turn, the high-potential money in the CIA would want to discharge into the great sea of Syndicate wealth. There the take—voices fill in awe—came to \$50 billion a year, and that

was twice General Motors' if only half the size of the defense budget.

CIA officials asked Maheu to enlist Syndicate men for the Castro murderer . . . and authorized him to pay \$150,000 for the hit. Maheu told the Church committee he hesitated initially because he feared the project might interfere with his work for Howard Hughes, who also had retained Maheu's services. But Maheu said he agreed to the assignment after informing Hughes of the murder plot—and, according to one source, gaining the billionaire's approval. For the project Maheu called on John Roselli, Sam Giancana and Santo Trafficante.⁷



an ex-FBI agent on special retainer to the CIA since 1954, as a man of variety and dimension, a veritable fixer, but such words do not elucidate the physics implicit in his personal forces. Rather, Maheu is known in Intelligence as a "pivotal" figure—the roads go through his tollbooth. We will learn for instance from the Pike committee that pornographic movies were sometimes made with CIA funds to blackmail people and "one of these was titled 'Happy Days' with Mr. Robert Maheu as casting director, make-up man, cameraman and director." The detail is cited not to offer us the opportunity to rise in moral height above Maheu so much as to loosen our imagination. He was also for a time the most visible HUGHES representative in public life. "You are me to the outside world," reads one memo to Maheu.⁸ "Go see Nixon as my special confidential emissary," says another in the spring of '68. "A Republican victory this year . . . could be realized under our sponsorship and supervision every inch of the way." HUGHES even had a \$600,000 French colonial mansion built for Maheu on the Desert Inn grounds.

The first time he entertained for lunch the casino managers . . . Maheu tapped his water glass for attention. Then, to the astonishment of his Las Vegas colleagues, Robert Maheu said grace.¹⁰

"O'Brien and Maheu are longtime friends from the Boston area. . . . During the Kennedy administration there apparently was continuous liaison between O'Brien and Maheu."

—Memo from John Dean to H. R. Haldeman, January 26, 1971.¹¹

There was, of course, the delicate matter that Hughes wanted to hire me but didn't want to meet

⁷"Strange Bedfellows." In excerpt, out of respect for the source's punctuation, Hughes will appear in lowercase.

⁸David Tinnin, Just About Everybody vs. Howard Hughes.

⁹Ibid.

¹⁰Ibid.

¹¹J. Anthony Lukas, Nightmare—The Underside of the Nixon Years.

⁴"Strange Bedfellows."

⁵The body of the Hughes who died in April of this year had its fingerprints checked "against genuine Hughes prints on file with the FBI in Washington. It was," *Time* says cheerfully (April 19, 1976), "Hughes, all right." Of course that assumes no one in the mills of identification has ever been able to switch a set of prints.

⁶*Time* also says: "Not until 1971 did the IRS subject the Hughes holdings to an overall audit; the results of that audit have been kept secret."

me face to face. Maheu raised the issue—he said that was simply Hughes's style of operation, that he, Maheu, had worked for the man for years, and was his chief executive officer, but had never met him.

—Larry O'Brien, *No Final Victories*

After Hubert Humphrey's defeat in 1968, Larry O'Brien was relatively at liberty. The new administration might be Republican, but O'Brien had not worked as postmaster general and chairman of the Democratic National Committee nor managed the presidential campaigns of Kennedy, Johnson, and Humphrey for too little. Nobody had more contacts in Washington than Larry O'Brien. From early in 1968 on, even as Maheu was being confidential emissary to Nixon, so was he also being instructed to hire O'Brien as HUGHES's Washington representative; but it was only in October, 1969, after a stretch for O'Brien on Wall Street, that the consulting firm O'Brien Associates was formed and given a HUGHES contract at \$15,000 a month. The arrangement, however, soon faced complications. By late 1970, HUGHES had decided to replace Maheu with Intertel.

Although this is not widely known, an increasing number of big corporations in recent years have either established private intelligence units or hired intelligence consultants from the CIA, the FBI, the DIA, the Internal Security Division of the Justice Department, the Treasury, the Secret Service, or the Internal Revenue Service. The purpose is, basically, to protect a corporation's own secrets or acquire other corporations' secrets in the ever-competitive business world. A whole underworld of corporate intelligence has thus developed.

Several organizations in the United States openly offer corporate intelligence services. The most important is Intertel. . . .

—Tad Szulc, *Compulsive Spy*

It could be said that Intertel had better CIA connections than Maheu. In fact, they were socially superior. Intertel's owner was James Crosby, good friend and host of Rebozo and Nixon. Crosby was also the chairman of Resorts International, an immense gambling-and-tourist complex in the Bahamas which (with many a camouflage) had been taken over from Meyer Lansky by the CIA. (Brave men grow bold in the Caribbean and gentlemen turn into pirates.) Resorts International came right out of the Crosby Miller Corporation, in which a controlling interest had been acquired in 1958 by Mary Carter Paint, a corporation originally gotten up by Allen Dulles and Thomas E. Dewey.

If the CIA hierarchy had icons analogous to the Mayflower, they were Allen Dulles, Thomas E. Dewey, and the Mary Carter Paint Company. By such cachet James Crosby of Intertel was to Maheu's CIA pories and assassination capers as Louisburg Square to Scollay Square. In addition, Intertel may also have been in position to offer HUGHES the Glomar Explorer contract if he would take them on. That meant letting Maheu go. Since Maheu knew a lot about HUGHES, it was a big payment for a real peril.

The changeover in 1970 was accomplished with the maximum of mystery. The man, Hughes, six feet four inches, reported to weigh 97 pounds and, by a Las Vegas doctor's report, next to death, gave over his authority to Maheu's most determined enemies with a proxy which enabled these enemies to bring Intertel's security force into the casinos and drive out Maheu's troops, a dramatic night for Las Vegas, whose citizens were learning about this time that a tall thin man, claimed by his proxy-holders to

be Howard Hughes, had been smuggled out of his sanctuary in the penthouse of the Desert Inn and been flown to the Bahamas (even though he was next to death and swore he would never fly again). There were some, Maheu among them, who offered the mordant suspicion that HUGHES was now a karmic transplant, but then there were others who had been supposing the same since 1958, when the man, Hughes, stopped seeing anyone but a few Hughes Tool Company executives and/or his rotating male nurse-secretaries (five), who received all messages for him. Maybe, by the time of the move to the Bahamas, HUGHES was going into his second karmic transplant; maybe HUGHES was now a computer not unrelated to OCTOPUS at Langley.

But such speculations take us too fast down the stream. Let us keep to what we may suppose we know. It seems clear that HUGHES, now divested of Maheu, would not necessarily want to keep Maheu's friend in his employ. Of course, dropping O'Brien would hardly be fail-safe. It was not comfortable to estimate how much O'Brien had learned about the CIA from Maheu (if for that matter O'Brien had had a great deal to learn about the CIA).



ONETHELESS, THE TRANSFERS were made. Sometime after Intertel took over from Maheu, HUGHES replaced O'Brien with Bob Bennett. The son of Senator Wallace Bennett (R), from Utah, Bob Bennett was a churchgoing Mormon; in fact, he was part of the three-man bishopric of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in Arlington, Virginia, a detail of dubious interest until it is fortified with the knowledge that a large number of HUGHES aides, assistants, and top executives were Mormons; indeed, Maheu's most devoted enemies in HUGHES were Mormons. We might wonder how such religious fellows would comport themselves in Las Vegas, but there is always a tendency to underrate the sects we know least. It seems, consulting the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, that a secret Mormon society called the Danites was organized for Joseph Smith in October, 1838. They had "the avowed purpose of supporting Smith at all hazards, of upholding the authority of his revelation and decrees as superior to the laws of the land, and of helping him to get possession, first of the state, then of the United States, and ultimately of the world."

It would be an investigator's pleasure to now reveal that there is a modern-day Danite enclave in the CIA reaching out to the Danites in HUGHES, but we shall have to content ourselves with the only Mormon we have—Bob Bennett—and his relations to Chuck Colson and Howard Hunt.

Bennett had been a director of congressional relations at the Department of Transportation, to wit, a public-relations man and lobbyist. Needless to say, both are splendid positions for a mole. In addition, any work Bennett could find concerning highway construction might bring him, if he chose, close to the Mafia; he was thereby twice-connected to voyage out from his one third of a bishopric. Since he had also been friends with Chuck Colson since 1968, and lately of quiet service as the White House

contact (that is, informer) in the Department of Transportation, Bennett was on his way to being his own pivotal figure. Consequently, he was in a position to try to do a favor for HUGHES. The good deed (seeking to divert the dumping of nerve gas from the Bahamas ocean floor—a way of protecting future HUGHES investments in the Bahamas) could not be accomplished, but Bennett left a good impression and was hired by his fellow Mormons.

Then "Colson called Bennett to say that Robert Mullen wanted to sell his company. Colson urged Bennett to buy the company and said he would help him find clients."¹² Bennett bought into Mullen & Company, and in one month rose from executive vice-president to president; after nine months he completed the purchase. Earlier than this, sometime "during his first months with the company . . . Robert Mullen told him about the company's relation with the CIA."¹³

This small account of a purchase is invaluable for what it teaches of how to detect a cover story by the incriminating anemia of its narrative. For it asks us to tolerate the idea that a useful CIA front was sold to a non-CIA man who was then kindly informed of the CIA's relation to the company he bought; in return for such courtesy, he proceeded without ado to labor for the agency. Since Bennett will labor long hours, it is comfortable to suspect he has been with the CIA before we have met him.

It is in the political agent's interest to betray all the parties who use him and to work for them all at the same time, so that he may move freely and penetrate everywhere.
—Galtier-Boissière¹⁴



ENTER HUNT. HE HAS BEEN WITH Mullen & Company since May, 1970, a little better than six months, before Bennett has arrived, and according to his account, he is furious with Mullen because Bennett came as a surprise. "The switch was as unexpected as it was unwelcome."¹⁵ Hunt had seen himself as eventually taking over Mullen & Company. Accordingly we are encouraged by his account to believe Hunt moved over to the White House out of disgust with his situation at Mullen & Company rather than as part of a more or less orchestrated plan to bring Bennett and Hunt nearer to the administration. It was, in any case, not a shift that was difficult to make, for Hunt was also a friend of Colson's. They had met at the Brown University Club of Washington in 1966. Later, Colson became president of the club and Hunt, vice-president. They met frequently for lunch all through 1969 and 1970, and at one time Colson even thought enough of Hunt to try to make him director of a conservative think-tank, the Institute for Informed America, which would provide intellectual opposition to the Brookings Institution. The scheme lapsed (since Hunt frightened off Jeb Magruder

by a proposal to use the think-tank for covert action), but now that Hunt was working for Colson in the Plumbers and Colson was also friends with Bennett, maybe Colson could be forgiven for thinking the prospects seemed fair for a happy family. As early as the beginning of 1971, he even sent a confidential memo to an aide of Agnew's:

"Bob is a trusted loyalist and a good friend. We intend to use him on a variety of outside projects. One of Bob's (new) clients is Howard Hughes. I am sure I need not explain the political implications of having Hughes' affairs handled here in Washington by a close friend. . . . Bob Bennett tells me that he has never met the Vice President, and that it would enhance his position greatly if we could find an appropriate occasion for him to come in and spend a little time talking with the Vice President. The important thing from our standpoint is to enhance Bennett's position with Hughes because Bennett gives us real access to a sort of power that can be valuable, and it's in our interest to build him up."

—Compulsive Spy

It is enough to remind us of Tolstoy's opening sentence in *Anna Karenina*: "Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way." Colson's gang, we know in advance, will be unique.

But we can get a look into how closely Hunt is working with Bennett. A couple of years later, it was found out by way of the minority staff of the Ervin committee that Bennett "suggested to Hunt that Hank Greenspun, publisher of the Las Vegas Sun, had material in his safe that would be of interest to both Hughes and the Committee for the Re-election of the President," and Bennett also arranged "a Hunt interview with Clifton Demotte [about] the episode at Chappaquiddick. . . . Furthermore . . . Bennett learned of [Dita Beard's] whereabouts from a Hughes Tool Company executive . . . [and] acted as an intermediary between Howard Hunt and Gordon Liddy after the Watergate break-in. . . ."¹⁶

This encourages the minority staff to the following conclusions:

- (1) While Hunt was at the White House on Charles Colson's payroll, Bennett was, at least, suggesting and coordinating many of Hunt's activities; (2) Bennett obviously enjoyed a close and confidential relationship with some of Howard Hughes' top people at a time when they were furnishing cover for the CIA; and (3) Bennett was acting as a go-between between Hunt and Liddy immediately after the Watergate break-in, and during all of these activities he was undoubtedly reporting periodically to the CIA case officer.

—At That Point in Time

We are even offered a bona fide side-bar. An inquiry came in from HUGHES. The Mormons (we may as well assume it is specifically the Mormons) wanted to know "the cost of bugging the home of Clifford Irving at the time he was writing the spurious Howard Hughes biography. Hunt got an estimate from James McCord and reported back to Bennett." The project proved to be too expensive, but HUGHES, whether the man or the karmic transplant, announced by way of a telephone interview with seven reporters that he had suspicions about the origins of the hoax. "To assume that it's all an accident certainly takes a lot of assuming." It seems HUGHES had decided the genius behind Clifford Irving was Maheu. Dare we say that every unhappy family is happy in its own way?

¹²Nightmare.

¹³Ibid.

¹⁴E. Howard Hunt, *The Berlin Ending* (epigraph).

¹⁵E. Howard Hunt, *Undercover*.

¹⁶Fred D. Thompson, *At That Point in Time*. The author was chief minority counsel for the Ervin committee.

III

An Exercise in Epistemology

In an ironic twist, the White House's high priest of snooper, Charles Colson, was himself bugged recently as he uttered some of the Watergate scandal's most indiscreet confessions.

Colson, when he was the top White House hatchet man, was fond of flipping a switch and tape-recording friends and enemies alike. A few days before he went to prison for obstructing justice, however, he was secretly recorded as he bared his soul to Washington businessman and sometime private eye Richard Bast. . . .

Beside Bast's swimming pool, whose fountain made background water music over a "mike" secreted among poolside flowers, the two men discussed how Nixon could rid himself of CIA and military spying on the White House.

—Jack Anderson, July 15, 1974



IF WE HAVE BEEN ENTERTAINING ourselves until now with the illusion that we are pursuing a narrative, or hovering over a picture that will soon come to focus, we may as well recognize that we can count, at best, on no more than a glimpse of a narrative—enough perhaps to give us hope this is a narrative which exists and not a chaos. But it is a curious endeavor. The best details often lead nowhere. Nixon, for example, received campaign contributions in 1972 which were as large as \$2 million from W. Clement Stone and \$1 million from Richard Mellon Scaife of Pittsburgh. Nonetheless, the Nixon administration reacted with excessive anxiety to the disclosure of a gift of \$100,000 in 1970 from HUGHES by way of Richard Danner to Bebe Rebozo; in fact Nixon fired Archibald Cox only two days after he had indicated to Elliot Richardson how displeased he was about Cox's zealous investigation of Rebozo. The break-in at Watergate was even explained in some scenarios as the measure of Nixon's need to know how much O'Brien knew about HUGHES's gift.¹⁷ It made no sense. Rebozo had an explanation which was legally impeccable. He told investigators that he was worried about the "appearance" of the gift and so did not give it to the president but put it in his own safe-deposit box, and later, in June, 1973, sent it back to HUGHES. One did not have to believe the story, but in the absence of evidence that the cash had been passed, why did Nixon react so powerfully?

"They must certainly know something very heavy on Nixon," commented Bast. . . .

Colson . . . replied, "They must."

"I mean, if he knows this stuff is going on and he's not doing anything about it . . ." began Bast.

¹⁷That would assume it was worth \$250,000 to CREEP to find out a little more about \$100,000.

"You know what I think?" interrupted Colson. "You want to know what I really think? . . . I'm loyal to the guy (Nixon) 'cause he's my friend . . . I think Bebe used that (\$100,000) for himself and for the President, for the family, and the girls. I think that the President figures—this is my worst suspicion—that if he really blows this, Hughes can blow the whistle on him." . . .

. . . Bast asked whether the only thing the CIA had hanging over Nixon's head was the \$100,000.

Replied Colson morosely:

"Who knows that that's the only \$100,000?"

—Jack Anderson, July 16, 1974

It is a fascinating detail. It is just that nothing comes of it. We still don't know if it is the only \$100,000 or no more than the tail of the mouse left in the trap. Since much that we examine will appear, then tend to disappear, it is nice to think there is something iridescent about a view seen for an instant in the fog.

Perhaps it is the effect of such glimpses to leave us with an afterimage. On reflection, Nixon's reaction to the \$100,000 does not have to be political. Even a political man is entitled to a private emotion. Fighting the attack on Rebozo, Nixon could be expressing the outrage he felt at attacks against himself. Or, maybe the gift just gave him an uneasy feeling from the moment it was proposed. Of course, the hard chance of an inflamed in-house scandal could also have been sitting beneath the money. We simply do not know to which corner the mouse has gone.



THE NATURE OF THE DIFFICULTY begins to disclose itself. We cannot house an explanation because we do not know which of our facts are bricks and which are papier-mâché painted to look like bricks. We can only watch the way the bricks are handled.

It is painful, nonetheless, to relinquish one's hope for a narrative, to admit that study of the CIA may not lead to the exposure of facts so much as to the epistemology of facts. We will not get the goods so quickly as we will learn how to construct a model which will tell us why we cannot get the goods. Of course, that will never be enough—willy-nilly, the habit will persist to look for a new narrative (and damn the papier-mâché bricks).

In the meantime, however, a short course:

Epistemological Model 1:

If half the pieces in a jigsaw puzzle are missing, the likelihood is that something can still be put together. Despite its gaps, the picture may be more or less visible. Even if most of the pieces are gone, a loose mosaic can be arranged of isolated elements. The possibility of the real picture being glimpsed under such circumstances is small but not altogether lost.¹⁸ It is just that one would like to know if the few pieces left belong to the same set.¹⁹

Epistemological Model 11:

Maybe it is the splinters of a mirror rather than the

¹⁸Larry Rivers has taught us as much.

¹⁹Is this what Robert Rauschenberg is up to?

scattered pieces of a jigsaw puzzle that provide a superior ground for the metaphor. We are dealing not with reality, after all, but that image of reality which reaches the surface through the cracked looking glass of the media.

Epistemological Model III:

What is most crucial is that we do not forget that we are interpreting curious actions. Men who seem to be honest are offering cover. We are obliged to remind ourselves that a life lived under cover produces a chronic state of mind in the actor which is not unlike those peculiar moments when staring in the mirror too long we come to recognize that the face looking back at us must—inescapably—be our own. Yet it is not. Our vicissitudes (but not our souls) stand revealed in the mirror; or, given another day, and another mirror, there we are, feeling wretched, looking splendid.

Epistemological Model IV:

Doubtless the difficulty is analogous to writing a poem with nothing but names, numbers, facts, conjecture, gossip, trial balloons, leaks, and other assorted pieces of prose.

For example:

When we interviewed him in my office on December 10, 1973, he struck all of us as a highly intelligent, highly motivated person. . . . Finally I asked him, "Mr. Martinez, if in fact you were a CIA plant on the Watergate team and were reporting back to the Agency, would you tell us?" He broke into a broad smile, looked around the room, and laughed. He never answered the question; no answer was necessary.

—At That Point in Time

Let us go back to the facts, to the false facts, distorted facts, concealed facts, empty facts, secretly rich facts, and unverifiable speculations of our narrative.

In this connection, nothing we have read about Gordon Liddy explains his long silence in jail so well as the supposition that he is an agent of real caliber. Of his biography we know he was in the FBI in the early sixties, an assistant district attorney in Dutchess County, ran for Congress on the Conservative party ticket, and got a job with the Treasury Department high up in a Customs Bureau drug campaign called Operation Intercept. It was not a position to leave him alien to such intimacies of the CIA, the Mafia, and the flow of profits in the drug trade. Liddy came to the White House to work for Egil Krogh, who was trying to organize the Nixon administration's war on drugs with a projected team of CIA men, FBI men, narcs, and private detectives, an undertaking some would see darkly as a most ambitious cover for Nixon's real intent, which was to commence his own Intelligence on a competitive level with the CIA and the FBI—in other words, his unspoken follow-up to the Huston Plan. It is worth mentioning that during this period, Liddy wrote a memo for Nixon in criticism of the FBI, which Nixon described to Krogh as "the most brilliant memorandum" to come his way "in a long time."²⁰ It is with this background that Liddy comes to CREEP. There is nothing in these details to suggest he could not be a career agent.

We read of how he burns his hand in a flame to impress a girl and threatens to kill Magruder if Jeb touches him on the shoulder again. John Dean describes to us how Liddy offers to commit suicide if that will protect the

administration. Liddy offers a lecture on how to kill a man with a finely sharpened pencil. There is nothing in these details to suggest he could not be a career agent.

"The master who instructed me in the deadliest of the Oriental martial arts taught me that the outcome of a battle is decided in the minds of the opponents before the first blow is struck."—G. Gordon Liddy²¹



E HAVE THE HABIT TO LOOK

on the Watergate burglars as ignorant Cubans led by clowns. Being scorned as ridiculous is, of course, a cover in itself; the CIA can count on such a disguise being provided by the wire services. Simple declarative sentences make curious actions appear automatically absurd.

Under examination, the burglars look better. Gonzales had been a bodyguard for Batista, and fought in the Bay of Pigs. Martinez had been a CIA boat captain and made 354 illegal runs to Cuba. Barker was a member of Batista's secret police, and an FBI contact in Cuba, then an informer against Castro. By Hunt's own description, Barker became his "principal assistant" during the Bay of Pigs, and Hunt was chief of political action.

The fourth Cuban happens to be Italian—Frank Sturgis, an ex-marine born Frank Angelo Fiorini. He served with Castro in the Sierra Maestra—and would later claim he was already an agent for the Company. In any case, he was good enough to be working as Fidel's personal supervisor in the Havana casinos until the day gambling was eliminated. Then Sturgis decided to defect. To the Mafia and to the CIA. (Or is it simpler to say the Mafia wing of the CIA?) It is a not inconsiderable defection.

Before the Bay of Pigs, Sturgis would act as contact for Santo Trafficante, who with his son Santo Jr. "controlled much of Havana's tourist industry," and was alleged to have received "bulk shipments of heroin from Europe and forward them through Florida to New York."²² During this period, Sturgis joined a CIA unit called Operation Forty, which had been set up to kill Castro and a number of important Fidelists. Involved in this training were Trafficante and E. Howard Hunt,²³ Frank Sturgis,²⁴ and Robert Maheu. Maheu and Sturgis must have been reasonably well met, since Sturgis is still pivotal enough eleven years later to be chatting with Jack Anderson in the lobby of Washington National Airport on the morning he arrives from Miami with Barker, Martinez, and Gonzales for the last break-in at Watergate, but then it would be difficult to name an investigative reporter in America more pivotal than Anderson.

²¹As quoted in Nightmare.

²²Alfred W. McCoy, et al., *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*.

²³"Strange Bedfellows."

²⁴In Undercover, Hunt mentions in passing that he did not meet Sturgis until shortly before Watergate. Of course, he also does not mention that there was a plot to assassinate Castro. Nor does he bother to inform us that Hank Sturgis is the name of a character in Hunt's early novel, *Bimini Run*, which Frank Angelo Fiorini liked well enough to modify into an alias.

²⁰These details are given in a forthcoming book impressively researched by Edward Jay Epstein, *An American Coup D'Etat* (Putnam's).

"I don't know if I told you before," Sturgis wrote to his wife [while in jail], "but William F. Buckley used to work for CIA and I don't know if he still does. When he found out that Howard (Hunt) was going to work in the White House, he told Howard it was good that he could be so close to the President but Howard told him that he was there to take orders and not to influence anyone. That was a good answer!"

... Buckley frankly admitted he was a "deep cover agent" for the CIA from July, 1951, to March, 1952, but said he had not worked for them since.

—Jack Anderson, September 18, 1973

It was apparent from the documents that in November 1971, a month after he took part in the Fielding break-in, Martinez mentioned his association with Hunt to his case officer who, in turn, took Martinez to the CIA's chief of station in Miami.

We immediately requested that the chief of station be brought from Florida for an interview. The chief, a heavyset man who appeared rather nervous, told us that in March 1972, Martinez had asked him if he "really knew all about the Agency activities in the Miami area." Martinez had dropped hints about Hunt's activities, the chief said, which had concerned him so much that he wrote a letter to CIA headquarters inquiring about Hunt's status. The answer, we were told, was that the chief should "cool it" and not concern himself with Hunt's affairs.

—At That Point in Time

One does better not to rely on that comfortable picture we have of E. Howard Hunt as an unhinged undercover man in a wild red wig impotently badgering Dita Beard on her hospital bed—the wig may have been chosen to make him startling to a fearful woman.

By the rank of the posts he occupied in his career, it is obvious that Hunt, for a long time at least, was well regarded in the agency. For that matter, he has so many credentials we can wonder how close he came in his own mind to becoming director of the CIA. In his autobiography, *Undercover*, he remarks, "Obviously I was never going to be director of Central Intelligence, nor did I particularly want to be," but the year is 1966 and he says it after more than fifteen years of service and such prime positions as deputy chief of station in Mexico (which is where William F. Buckley Jr. worked for him); chief of covert operations for southeastern Europe—Albania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Turkey; chief of political action for the Guatemala operation which overthrew Arbenz; chief of covert operations for the north Asia command—China, Korea, Japan; chief of station in Uruguay; chief of political action for the Bay of Pigs; chief of Domestic Operations Division (the United States); and chief of covert action for Western Europe.

Before joining the CIA Hunt had been an English major at Brown, served in the navy, the OSS, been a war correspondent for *Life*, published novels, worked in Hollywood, had a Guggenheim Fellowship for one of his novels, and been in Europe for the ECA under Averell Harriman. Later, within the CIA, he collaborated with Allen Dulles in the writing of *The Craft of Intelligence*. He also worked closely with Frank Wisner, Allen Dulles, Dick Helms, Richard Bissell, Track Barnes, Tom Karamessine—there are no larger names in the CIA. If his autobiography fails to mention Cord Meyer or James Angleton there is no reason we cannot speculate on his concealed relations with them, particularly from 1966 to 1970, when Hunt neglects to describe what he is doing for

the Company, and the assumption, since he is stationed in America, is capers, domestic capers.

A Dutch manufacturer of electronic gadgetry was demonstrating some ultrasophisticated electronic "sneaks." The Dutch salesman announced that over twenty items of gadgetry had been hidden in the exhibition room and invited his CIA guests to find them. They looked and they couldn't find a single one. Then the Dutchman set about to uncover them, and he couldn't find them. Jim McCord had sneaked into the room before the demonstration, found them all, and removed them. "Jim is one fine operator," said Helms. . . .

—Miles Copeland,
National Review, September 14, 1973



McCord was in the CIA for twenty years but he seems like nothing so much as an FBI man. A devout Methodist, abstemious, soft-voiced in his right-wing opinions, his personality speaks of law and order rather than espionage or counterespionage. With the CIA from the first years of its inception (those years when it was raiding the FBI, and Hoover did not like it, and may for all we know have been casting about for a career agent who could infiltrate the CIA for the rest of his working life), McCord worked for the Company from 1951 to 1970 and became chief of the Physical Security Division of the Office of Security.

As we know, his work had in part to do with finding concealed bugs and dealing with advanced eavesdropping equipment. He was good enough to receive a Distinguished Service Award from Helms, and Allen Dulles once referred to him as "my top man."²⁵ We do not know what he was top man in, but it is not mean praise.

His performance during the Watergate break-in is on the consequence fascinating for its incompetence. McCord, according to Hunt's account, bought only four walkie-talkies where six had been needed. He delayed charging the batteries. He neglected to disconnect a burglar-alarm system. In the course of the first break-in, he removed his men from the Democratic National Committee offices before the job was done. Then for several days he was unable to process the two rolls of film the Cubans did manage to take because McCord's "man" was out of town. In addition, according to Liddy, McCord "bugged the wrong telephone line. He was supposed to tap O'Brien's."²⁶ So a second attempt was necessary. On the next try, two of McCord's walkie-talkies had uncharged batteries. McCord retaped the locks after the guard had removed the tapes. He then insisted to Liddy on going ahead with the operation. He also retaped the locks horizontally instead of vertically; the tape was therefore visible at a glance. Hunt would finally decide that McCord was a double agent for the Democrats. A double agent he may have been—for the CIA—and a triple agent for the

²⁵Lewis Chester, et al., *Watergate*.

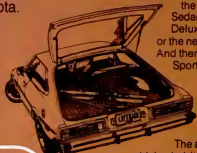
²⁶Undercover.

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FBI, but a Democrat? McCord?

Whoever he was, McCord broke the Watergate case by his letter in March, 1973, to Judge Sirica: "There was political pressure applied to the defendants to plead guilty and remain silent. Perjury occurred during the trial. . . ."

He also said, "The Watergate Operation was not a CIA operation. . . . I know for a fact that it was not." It is a retired CIA operative speaking, which is to say, a man who may or may not be retired. Authoritative disclaimers by CIA officials bear the same relation to fact that the square root of minus one bears to a real number. The net effect of McCord's remark, therefore, is to make us more suspicious of the CIA. The possibility that he is an FBI man thereby increases an iota.



THE SECOND BREAK-IN TOOK PLACE IN order that the tap on Larry O'Brien's phone that McCord had not put in well enough to function after the first break-in should now be put in again. Hunt thought the project was odd. "O'Brien's in Miami," he said to Liddy. "Why in hell should we tap the phone in his Washington office? . . . What's the rationale? As a friend, colleague and fellow professional, I'm asking you to go back to Mitchell, Dean and Magruder and reargue the case."²⁷ Liddy replied, "Okay, I'll try again, but I hate to do it. They look to me to get things done, not argue against them."

Since Liddy is the conspirator who has remained silent, we do not know his "principal," that is, we do not know who told him to break into Democratic headquarters the first time, nor—it may be more interesting—who insisted on a second time when Hunt thought the only logic was to call it off. It is not impossible that Magruder, Mitchell—or could it be Dean?—had an undisclosed relation to the CIA. Let us spin on the vertigo of that thought.

Mr. Haldeman said he had never understood why Alexander P. Butterfield, the aide who disclosed the existence of the White House tapes to the Senate Watergate committee, wanted to join the White House staff. . . .

"He was soon to become an Air Force General. I have never understood why he insisted, against my advice, on dropping his commission or why he suddenly wanted to be part of the Nixon team."

"In view of his subsequent role," Mr. Haldeman went on, "these actions seem even more curious today. Was Butterfield a CIA agent? Maybe. I just don't know."

—The New York Times, June 23, 1976

In the early Sixties he [Haig] ran a CIA-financed Bay of Pigs rehabilitation program, preceding Alexander Butterfield in the job.

—"Strange Bedfellows"

²⁷Quoting from Hunt is biting the bullet. Still, it is tempting to quote. From Undercover.

Colson complained to Bast that the President was always on the verge of coming down hard on the CIA. But, Colson grouched, Nixon was talked out of it by presidential staff chief Al Haig, who feared it would "take down the whole intelligence community."

—Jack Anderson, July 15, 1974

Haig told us there was "no way" he was working for the CIA.

—Jack Anderson, July 15, 1974

Paul F. Hellmuth, the managing partner of St. Clair's Boston law firm, has been associated over the past decade with . . . Anderson Security Consultants, Inc. . . . a CIA front. . . .

Mysterious checks, written for large amounts, would frequently arrive at the office of the firm's secretary-treasurer, Virginia lawyer L. Lee Bean, who would . . . disperse it upon instructions.

The secret instructions often came, say our sources, from James St. Clair's quiet law partner. Some of the mystery money was dispatched to Miami banks and was used allegedly to support the CIA's anti-Castro activities. . . . [Hellmuth] insisted . . . that James St. Clair didn't know "the first thing about the security firm."

—Jack Anderson, July 22, 1974

[Leon] Jaworski had been . . . a director of a private foundation that laundered funds for the CIA.

—"Strange Bedfellows"

We also learned that Paul O'Brien, who had served as counsel to the Committee to Re-elect the President after the Watergate break-in, was a former CIA operative.

—At That Point in Time

Among the officers of OSS Detachment 101 was Clark MacGregor, later a Congressman, a White House staffer, and, after the Watergate break-in, the replacement for John Mitchell as head of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President.

—Compulsive Spy

"Bob Woodward interviewed me on numerous occasions. I have told Woodward everything I know about the Watergate case, except the Mullen company's tie to the CIA. I never mentioned that to him."

—Robert Bennett: House subcommittee testimony

Because Robert Bennett's CIA ties were exposed by the Watergate scandal, he has closed down the Mullen Agency. He now works for the Hughes organization as a vice-president and CIA liaison.

—"Strange Bedfellows"

During the Bast interview, Colson would name Bennett as Deep Throat. At one point, he would say in pain, "Every story that Woodward won the Pulitzer Prize for was fed to him by the CIA."

An observer of the Company, hearing of this, shook his head. "Deep Throat is a cover in itself. Where is the casual reader who will argue with so agreeable a story—one man's revelation pulling down the entire Nixon administration? If Deep Throat told all, it was only because the information had already been neatly collected for Deep Throat to tell." The observer shook his head. "Learn the law of reversal. The victims can be the agents

²⁸As quoted in "Strange Bedfellows."

in these affairs. There is as much need to remain suspicious of Colson as to feel sorry for him, since in attacking the CIA, Colson creates good cover for them. The reaction of the newspaper reader who dislikes old Chuck is to think, 'Even if it is true (and I must say I have had my suspicions of the CIA) I won't believe the story if it comes from Colson.' The Bast interview, you see, bothers me. Colson visits Bast, a private investigator, sits down by the pool next to the shrubbery and never wonders if he is being taped? Colson? Pit-bull Colson?

"By the same guideline, the heroes can be the villains. Beware of the heroes of Watergate. I look at the Washington Post and think, 'Isn't it a brave paper? Isn't that a heroic editor who dares what no editor of no other major paper will dare? Isn't that right in the vein of major newspaper editors as we have come to know them?'"

On publication of this piece, the editor of the Washington Post emphatically denied that he had ever been, or was now, a member of the CIA.

"Never allow yourself," the observer says, "to think you have a fixed platform from which to measure these motions. We're out in the stars with Einstein, I assure you. For instance, you speak of McCord as being inefficient, when what you relate is no more than Hunt's description of how McCord acted in the break-in. Hunt's book could have been written by an enclave."

"Were they wishing to suggest that McCord was dealing with the Democrats?"

"Never look for the answer. Pursue the question into the next question. The answer is invariably smudged, but the questions are beautiful. There is the rapture of the depths descending into the questions."

I also suspected, but could never prove, that the Nixon crowd tapped my telephones. I was only slightly surprised, therefore, by a letter mailed to me on April 15, 1972. It was written by William Haddad, a New York entrepreneur who, until a dozen years ago, had been a prize-winning investigative reporter. Haddad told me he had learned from a private investigator of plans to tap the telephones of the Democratic National Committee. Haddad understood the plot had been hatched by a group of advertising men, known as the November Group, who had been recruited for the Nixon campaign.

—Jack Anderson, *Parade*, July 22, 1973

A letter from William Haddad to Larry O'Brien, March 23, 1972:

"I am hearing some very disturbing stories about GOP sophisticated surveillance techniques now being used for campaign purposes and of an interesting group here in New York where some of this 'intelligence' activity is centered. The information comes from a counter-wiretapper . . . who had come to me highly recommended. . . . Can you have someone call me so you can get the info first hand and take whatever actions you deem necessary."

—At That Point in Time

O'Brien sent the director of communications for the Democratic National Committee to visit Haddad and there was a meeting with the counter wiretapper whose name proved to be Woolston-Smith. He was "a short portly bald man who spoke with a pronounced British accent and smoked a pipe." In October, 1973, a year and a half later, two members of the minority staff of the Ervin committee took a deposition from Woolston-Smith.

He testified that he was a private investigator in New York City, a citizen of New Zealand with experience in British intelligence, and a permanent resident of the United States. He acknowledged that he had excellent contacts in the intelligence community and said his New York offices had been used by the CIA, after the Bay of Pigs, as a clearinghouse for those returning from the invasion brigades. This information was consistent with what we had determined from other sources. Woolston-Smith was a most mysterious person; there were indications that he had connections with both British and Canadian intelligence, although we could never determine the exact relationship.

Woolston-Smith said he had told William Haddad of the possibility of Republican media control through the November Group as early as December 1971, and that they had discussed the Group many times before the meeting of April 26, 1972. He knew enough about the operation, he said, to know that Gordon Liddy "ran the show."

—At That Point in Time

Since Gemstone, Liddy's first ambitious plan to tap the Democratic National Committee and wire Miami for the Democratic convention, was not even presented to John Mitchell until January 27, 1972, it seems that some undisclosed scheme was already being developed by Gordon Liddy and the November Group in the fall of 1971. Such a probability hardly diminishes the hypothesis that Liddy is an agent of stature. (In fact, the November Group will even be given a million dollars by CREEP before the famous April 7 deadline for campaign contributions. While the majority of this is ostensibly for the November Group's stated purpose, which is advertising, not espionage, the figure is nonetheless interesting. It is equal to the sum Liddy tried to get for Gemstone.)

At any rate, we are left with the following additions:

(1) The Democrats were well aware of the November Group and the possibility that their offices would soon be bugged.

(2) British and Canadian Intelligence can now be added to the soup. Let us think of them as herbs.

(3) Maybe the Democrats were putting in the garlic. Haddad "sent his entire file to Jack Anderson in April 1972" and now "could not remember what was in it. In fact, Haddad said, he sent material to Anderson twice, but had kept no copies." Jack Anderson "had acknowledged receipt of the material from Haddad concerning plans for the break-in, but he said he had since lost it."²⁹



OF COURSE, THE CIA HAD INFILTRATED the FBI, and the FBI had unknown men working for it in the CIA. We must assume both had agents in the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, the IRS, the National Security Council, the 40 Committee, the

²⁹At That Point in Time.

Atomic Energy Commission, the Special Operations Division, Naval Intelligence, Air Force Intelligence, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, the Council on Foreign Relations, HUGHES, plus a number of private intelligence companies whose work extended from military-industrial security to private detectives' offices. In turn, these companies, bureaus, groups, and agencies had to the best of their ability infiltrated the CIA and the FBI. Since the CIA, the FBI, and other major intelligence also had had their authority infiltrated by their own unknown enclaves, it is, in certain circumstances, meaningless to speak of the CIA as a way of differentiating it from the AIA, the DIA, the NSC, HUGHES, or the SOD—let us use the initials CIA therefore like a mathematical symbol which will, depending on the context in which it is employed, usually offer specific reference to a CIA located physically in Langley, Virginia, with near to 18,000 employees, understanding that under other circumstances CIA may be no more than a general locus signifying an unknown factor whose function is intelligence and whose field is the invisible government. Students of Einstein's work on tensor calculus may find it comfortable to deal with these varieties of unknowns. In the world of social theory, however, we are at the point where a special and general theory of relative identity in social relations would be of inestimable use since the only situation for which there can be no cover is *anguish*, and the operation of the twentieth century may be to alienate us from that emotion in preparation for the ultimate destruction of the human soul as opposed to the oncoming hegemony of the technological person.



GENERALLY, HIS ENEMIES AND

friends agreed that Nixon was a fool not to destroy the tapes. They may not have understood the depth of the pot in which he was boiling. There was reason to believe there were copies of the tapes. If Butterfield would reveal their existence, he could be an agent; if one agent was near those tapes, then more than one; what reason to assume duplicates of the damaging tapes were not being systematically prepared all the while he was being set up? Impeachment was certain if he burned the evidence and a copy appeared.

"You do not understand. This man stood at the threshold of his own idea of greatness. He was going to write the peace with Communism. He was going to be immortal. Now, as he loses respect, it is slipping away from him inch by inch." Kissinger smiles sadly over his salad. Across the city, the Ervin committee is holding a hearing in the hot summer afternoon. "People criticize Nixon for being irresolute about Watergate. Why does he not confess what is wrong and end it? they ask. They do not understand that he cannot make a move because he is not in possession of all the facts. He does not know what is going to happen next. He does not know what is going to break upon him next." Kissinger sighs. "Nobody will ever know how close that man was to getting the foreign situation he wanted."

Nixon is not only a Shakespearean protagonist in the

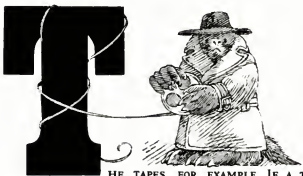
hour of his downfall, but Macbeth believing that Birnam Wood will never come to Dunsinane. Of course, he is as appealing in his travail as Ronald Reagan might be playing Lear, but the echo nonetheless of a vast anguish comes back—who else has known such anguish and managed to live in the American world? Birnam Wood will come back to Dunsinane as the tapes one by one get to be taken.

Epistemological Model V:

"Sometimes," said the wise observer, "I think of that story of Howard Hughes being so fearful of bacteria that he kept Jean Peters across the room from him, and then I think, what if the fear of bacteria is the cover, and the double dare not get too close to Jean Peters?"

Epistemological Model VI:

There is hardly an episode in Watergate which was not presented to us in a way that makes it seem more stupid than it ought to have been. Or, is it closer to say that what we hope to perceive is more brilliant than the level at which we have been encouraged to perceive it?



THE TAPES, FOR EXAMPLE. IF A TAPE can be made, a copy can be made. Until we brood upon the matter, it is natural to assume the copy is equal to the original. We do not stop to think that the poor tapes we thought were the originals could in fact have been inferior copies. The remarkably bad quality of the tapes might have been produced by design. There are advantages to a tape which can hardly be heard: The affair is downgraded, and seems less sinister. No cover is more comfortable to a clandestine operation than the appearance of ineffectuality. Let us remind ourselves of how inept the Secret Service seemed in its taping operation. Possessing all that White House power, all those funds, all that available electronic equipment—yet the product sounds like it was recorded in the glove compartment of a moving car. Admittedly, there were technical difficulties to the taping, but the product still seems inadequate. Nixon must have suffered another turn of the screw. Since he cannot know if the tapes he hears are the unique, original, and only tapes, or a debased copy prepared by his enemies, he cannot even be certain whether it is a trap to encourage him to take advantage of the garbled sound and rephrase the transcripts in his favor. He takes the plunge. But his emendations are discovered later by the House Judiciary Committee. A corrected transcript is presented to America. How can Nixon not wonder whether somebody substituted a subtly clearer version of the tapes to John Doar's staff?

All the while, Nixon has to confront another question. If he evades every snare, pit, impressment, and delusion, if he even manages to work his way through the Senate to the edge of being declared not guilty in the impeachment, how can he be certain that in the last minute after the very last of all these abominably unexpected breaches in his cover-up, the missing eighteen minutes will still not appear? Then he can envision how America will spank the horse, and he will twist forever in the wind.

A Crisis in Criminology

I received a telephone call from L. Patrick Gray, the Acting Director of the FBI—a man I had never met. Gray told me he was disturbed by reports suggesting the FBI was not conducting a thorough investigation. "That is simply not true," Gray told me. "I assure you this matter will be pursued wherever it leads, regardless of my position in the Administration. Let the chips fall where they may." I told Gray I appreciated his call, and he concluded our talk with an unexpected comment: "Mr. O'Brien, we Irish Catholics must stick together."

On July 7, following Gray's call, I was visited by two Secret Service agents. . . . They told me they had been instructed to report to me that the FBI's exhaustive examination of the National Committee of offices had uncovered no telephone bugs or other electronic devices—that "the place was found to be clean." I accepted their report without question. I knew the FBI had torn the place apart—removing ceiling panels, dismantling radiators, and the like—and if they said there were no bugs, then I assumed there were no bugs. Later evidence, of course, revealed that bugs had been placed on my phone and that of Spencer Oliver, Executive Director of the Association of State Democratic Chairmen. To this day I cannot explain the discrepancy between those facts and the report I was given.

—No Final Victories



HEN HUNT'S TEAM WAS

caught, McCord had already removed a few panels from the ceiling of O'Brien's office. It is not so very well known that an excellent and advanced kind of eavesdropping can be achieved by driving a nail into the flooring of the office you wish to monitor from the ceiling of the office below. A listening device is then attached to the nail. The sophistication of this method is that it is not possible to detect the bug from the office being taped, since the listening device attracts no more attention than any nail in the floor. The first question to ask of many a break-in is not therefore which office was entered, but who is working in the office above. By this logic, a real interest in O'Brien's conversations could best have been satisfied by a break-in on the fifth floor—in order to tap the sixth. Since we are already on the sixth, who inhabits the seventh?

That part of the seventh floor of the Watergate Office Building, which rested unmistakably over Larry O'Brien's quarters, was occupied at the time by no less than the office of the secretary of the Federal Reserve Board. Can matters be this simple? It is not seemly that great financial secrets should be discussed in an office of a building which looks to have been designed by an architect with a degree in Mafia Modern, but interest augments when we learn

that one of the computers of the Federal Reserve Board is located in the basement of the same Watergate Office Building. If, on a given day, the Federal Reserve Board had sealed itself in to discuss a change in the discount rate, is it wholly inconceivable that a CIA man (a veritable Grand Mole of a banker) installed for years on the Federal Reserve Board might have phoned in to the computer in the Watergate Office Building basement an apparently routine question that would yet manage to tell his undercover assistant in the basement what the shift would be in the discount rate? Assuming that this assistant has been sequestered with the computer to maintain his discretion during these important deliberations of the board, the question is whether the basement assistant could not manage to make an innocent phone call to somebody on the seventh floor. Since we are assuming the man on the seventh floor is not part of the team to which the man in the basement belongs, the conversation would have to go something like this:

Basement: I hear Vida Blue is pitching today.

Seventh floor: Impossible! He pitched two days ago.

Basement: (Indignantly) Who did?

Seventh floor: (Triumphantly) Vida Blue!

That was what the basement wanted to hear said on the seventh floor and said loud enough for the nail in the ceiling of the sixth floor to pick it up—the names of baseball pitchers having been geared to the rise and fall in the discount rate. Now, whoever monitored that conversation could pass the information along. Since more than one team would presumably be working to get advance information on the change in the rate, let us assume our team got the word out with a possible lead of three hours over all the others.

"How much would such information be worth?" a banker was asked.

"Conservatively," he replied, in the rich and pompous voice which is privy to large sums, "billions."

"For just a few hours' lead?"

"That is time enough."

The possibility is now open that the CIA was using the break-in to the Democratic National Committee as its elegant cover to the real operation, which was to tap privileged Federal Reserve Board information. Elegance offers its exquisite use of resources, so one would not claim the CIA had no interest in O'Brien nor in Oliver. O'Brien and Oliver had had their propinquity with the CIA, after all. While we know they cannot be in Intelligence—since how may we conceive of a good liberal Democrat who is?—nonetheless, they might attract an enclave in the CIA (if, of course, it is an enclave performing the break-in under the auspices of CREEP and not just a burglary by red-hot amateurs executed at the third rate of CREEP stupidity). Yes, some enclave might legitimately have been curious to know more about what O'Brien and Oliver knew of Chappaquiddick, or Eagleton's secret medical file, or HUGHES in relation to Maheu, Lansky, Rebozo, and Nixon on one side, or HUGHES, Bennett, Hunt, and Helms on the other. Name the teams; HUGHES is on all of them. Recognize that with the Democratic Committee break-in as cover, the operation has power over CREEP—which is to say ultimately over Nixon—even if its burglars are caught. That is elegance. Obtaining neither their first objective—the Federal Reserve tap—nor the second—lines on O'Brien and Oliver—the entrepreneurs still end with more power over the presidency than before. Once everybody made certain the election was won in spite of Watergate, there would be even more power.

Of course, a risk was taken. If Watergate had broken too early, McGovern might have been able to get his campaign turned around (although the thought does not ring loud in the lost ether) but (Continued on page 43)

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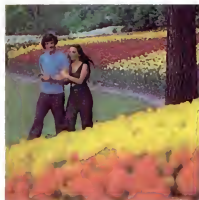
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Parliament

Kings, Box and 100's

Box: 14 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine—Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine—100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

(Continued from page 38) then Watergate never burst until the election was safe and the operators could begin to apply that wrenching pressure on the bones of the Nixon administration.

It must, however, be immediately visible that while this last scenario violates no facts, it is only a literary fancy—not an iota of proof. Just another model. Perhaps we can modernize William of Ockham's razor by saying: The simplest model which satisfies all the facts is likely to lead us to inexplicable facts.

Four of the five men arrested in the bugging attempt at the Democratic National Committee headquarters Saturday morning were registered as guests at the Watergate Hotel on April 28, the same night that two other firms in the Watergate building were broken into. . . .

The firm of Freed, Frank, Harris, Shriver and Kampelman, located on the 10th floor of the Watergate Building, 2600 Virginia Ave. NW, was broken into on May 18, but officials of the firm did not report the incident to police until yesterday. . . .

A spokesman for the Freed law firm said yesterday that the burglary was not immediately reported to police because nothing appeared to be missing, and employees did not associate the incident with political espionage until disclosure of Saturday's break-in. . . .

On April 28, the night four of the five bugging suspects were registered at the Watergate Hotel, according to police, the 11th-floor offices of the Sterling Institute, a management consulting firm, were broken into and \$1,100 worth of typewriters and calculating machines was stolen. . . .

The same night, police records show, the law firm of Boykin and DeFrancis, located on the eighth floor of the Watergate, was forcibly entered and \$325 worth of office equipment was stolen.

—The Washington Post, June 21, 1972

Maybe if our scenarios have had a purpose, it has been to flavor our reading with the temperament of an agent, a way of saying that we have become sufficiently paranoid to see connections where others see lists. So let us look at a list of the offices in July, 1973, on the seventh and eighth floors of the Watergate Building, and take the pleasure of wondering how many of those names and corporations have no relation to Intelligence.

701 Defense & Aerospace Center of Sterling Institute, Inc.	805 Division of Federal Reserve Bank Operations
H. F. Dean	808 Foreign Banking Authorities
Human Factors Research Associates, Inc.	Office of Defense Planning
Inst. for Psychiatry & Foreign Affairs	Securities
704 Harris Intertype Corp. Harris Shire, Conductor	Stat Methodology & Procedures Section
Radiation, Inc.	811 Interstate General Corp.
R. F. Communications, Inc.	L. E. Steele
707 EDP Technology Systemed Corp.	812 Armistead I. Selden, Jr. Boykin & De Francis
711 Federal Reserve Board Office of Sec'y	815 Perkin Elmer Corp. Joseph Dixon, Manager

When we add the three robberies in the last news story and include the possibility of break-ins to other offices we know nothing about by burglary teams who were removing taps that others had been putting in, there is now posed to our brand-new agent-type brain a further

question: What part of the Watergate Office Building was not being tapped?

Our procedure has conducted us to the point where we have to recognize that we have used up our last scenario in order to bring us to a place where we have no scenario to replace it. Now, we know less than before of what might possibly be going on.

V

A Tension in Teleology

Said the CIA:

Authority imprinted upon emptiness
is money,
honey.

Bang bang Howard.

We don't need you.

We need

The space where you were.

—Anonymo L'Rivera



LIKE A MAIN GEAR IN THE CLOCKWORK is Nixon's anguish. As we hear the tick, we dwell in the fascination of the inexorable.

Next to Nixon, Hunt is an idler gear. His anguish is all of his existence, but it moves us less. The main gear goes until the last of the tension in the spring runs down, but the idler gear never runs down—it is merely attached to the alarm. So its end is not inexorable but catastrophic—as when the clock is dropped and the idler gear is broken.

Hunt was broken. The style of *Undercover* has that numbness of affect which comes from a fall. He writes without feeling more for one period in his life than another as though he is saying it is costly enough to locate the episodes. He is like a semiconscious victim who senses that coming awake will be equal to crawling up a slope of broken glass. The horrors to come will be greater than the ones he has known already.

Yet, as with Nixon, there is no danger of getting to like Hunt too much. We can decide that Nixon was set up by Watergate and feel no great pity because we can also remember the war in Vietnam he kept going for four years in order to assure his reelection. One can always recall the voice Nixon used when he spoke of the North Vietnamese as "my enemy," on the day he ordered the Christmas bombing. He had always wanted to be an actor and he ended by playing the classic role of the criminal who is convicted for the wrong crime. So one does not have to feel an overcharge of compassion for Nixon—just enough to water our imagination. Your enemies succeed after all when they dry up your imagination.

By the same token, there is a built-in limit to how much compassion we can feel for Hunt. We have only to read his account of his own methods on a caper in the early fifties:

The Mexican Communist leader was then visiting Peking. On the day of his departure Bob North airmailed me a copy of a Chinese newspaper announcing his departure, sending a duplicate copy to CIA headquarters. To replace the departure announcement I fabricated a story in which the Mexican Communist was quoted as deprecating fellow Mexicans and saying, among other things, that Mexican peasants could never hope to achieve the cultural level of the superior Chinese. I cabled the fabrication to headquarters, where a special type font had been made by reproducing samples from the local paper. My fabricated story was set in this duplicate type and the entire front page of the local paper re-created by technical means. A dozen copies were pouched to me and were received before the target Communist returned to Mexico.

The fabricated newspapers were made available to local journalists who published facsimiles of the offensive interview together with a translation into Spanish. The target's protestations of innocence gained no credence whatever, for technical tests conducted on the duplicated Chinese paper affirmed that the type in which the story was printed perfectly matched other type samples in the same newspaper and so had to be authentic.³⁰

—Undercover

A footnote says, "It was this sort of technical assistance from CIA that I lacked when I undertook to fabricate two State Department cables in 1971."

No, we do not have to like him too much. Self-pity is Hunt's companion, and bitterness is his fuel. He writes with the tightly compressed bile of a disappointed man; the reader is to be reminded that his early prospects were happier than his later ones. Photographs taken of him on the beach at Acapulco a few months out of OSS show the would-be screenwriter looking well built in bathing trunks. He bears a bit of resemblance to Hemingway, and is at pains in *Undercover* to show pictures of himself skiing and hunting. For that matter, he is also adept at fishing, squash, golf, tennis, riding, boxing, and screwing—so the autobiography suggests.

It would be a bet Hemingway is his hero, and that Hunt in the late 1940s was torn between a life as a great novelist and a social life as a spy. We can guess how he chooses. He is, with everything else, a social climber, and drops on the reader every big name he knows from Eisenhower and Nixon down, making a show of his good WASP family origins (Hunt's Point in the Bronx is named after a relative who goes back to the Revolutionary War, and Leigh Hunt is on the family tree) as well as his wife's sterling ancestry ("In addition to being descended from the Presidential Adams and Harrison families, my wife was one-eighth Oglala Sioux. . ."). Before Hunt, she has been married to the Marquis de Goutière. No matter that her maiden name is Wetzel and Hunt is from Brown, not Princeton (a full demerit in the early CIA), he will still look to climb high into the good life of Oh So Social. "The service plates were Revere gadroon, the crystal was an opaline . . ." is a line from one of his novels, and he will make a point of asking Bill Buckley to be godfather to his children. At the end, when tragedy strikes, he and his family are living in a house called Witches Island in Potomac, Maryland, in "what was to be our final family home. On its ample acreage were paddocks, a stable, outbuildings and woods." He is the perfect reader for the magazine edited by the godfather of his children.

³⁰This story is a perfect example of how a fact can be wiped out by an artifact.



TILL, HE IS NOT JUST ONE MORE anti-Communist with nothing but the righteous moral equivalent of tunnel vision. He has also had a life. It is almost an appealing life. He has had dyslexia as a boy and played trumpet in a high-school dance band. What is most irritating about Hunt is that he is nearly large enough to be a protagonist in a good and solid novel, and yet—hatred has certainly dried his imagination—he is never large enough. No moment of wit will ever separate his soul from his disasters.

All the heavier must those disasters sit on him. Those disasters pose insoluble questions. Their lack of an answer promises insanity.

What, for instance, can he make of that list of offices on the seventh and eighth floors of the Watergate Office Building? Or of those extra break-ins he may now be hearing about for the first time? With his sophistication in the infiltration of one group of Intelligence by another—he has after all been chief of covert action in the Domestic Operations Division—how could Hunt not entertain the hypothesis that a species of trench warfare in bugging and counterbugging had been going on in the Watergate Office Building long before his operation ran into its peculiar trap? Let us even assume that everything he has told us is only a cover story for the more serious job he assumed he was doing. After the arrests, how can he be certain he was told anything accurate?

There is a tool of inquiry provided by Lenin. He suggested that when a political event occurred whose origin or motive seemed incomprehensible, then ask the question: "Whom?" Whom does this benefit? Whom did Watergate benefit? Hunt would ask the question. And he would have to face the nightmare that the Nixon-Kissinger wing of the CIA, which by now for practical purposes could be described as the Rockefeller-Détente wing, had been mangled at Watergate by the Cold War wing. If so, however, then he, Hunt, had also been set up in the process, had been sacrificed by his own people to implicate Nixon. There was a centrality to such a hypothesis no agent could ignore.

There are not only dimensions to paranoia but degrees. Cold paranoia can serve as the assistant to brilliance, but fevered paranoia (where the heat comes from the thought that one is being done in by one's friends) is the true hellion of hysteria. All panics are loose, all proportions are lost. In such a fry, how can one ignore the smallest detail?

Hunt could even begin to brood over people like R. Spencer Oliver, whose phone happened to be the other line tapped at the Democratic National Committee. Hunt could remember a dinner with a young Democrat named Spencer Oliver who had been out with Mullen, Bennett, and himself back in 1970 or 1971. During the meal, Oliver had made a point of mentioning the names of a few CIA officers Hunt knew personally. Oliver had been surprisingly knowledgeable. Mullen and Bennett had even wanted to take Oliver into Mullen & Company as a partner! But Hunt had disapproved.

Now, he had been caught on an operation which had for one of its tasks the tapping of Oliver's phone. Hunt could mention Oliver casually in his book and make no connection between the Spencer Oliver with whom he had dinner and the R. Spencer Oliver whose phone was tapped. He does not ask if they are not most certainly the same man. Such calm, however, is for his book. From Hunt's point of view, Oliver might have little or a great deal to do with Watergate. In the ongoing crisis of trying to solve the mystery of his life with all the working experience of his career, how is Hunt to measure the relevant importance of that detail, or of McCord and Fensterwald? McCord, for instance, has taken Bernard Fensterwald for his lawyer to go before the Ervin committee, Fensterwald who is chairman of the Committee to Investigate Assassinations. The unspoken shock to the media would not be small. It is a way of saying Watergate is related to Dallas. What enclave now wanted the media to think that way? Dallas and Watergate. That would be the scoop of the century. The people behind McCord might be serving some kind of notice.



WE ARE TRYING TO LIVE IN THE

measure of Hunt's anguish, but it is impossible to speculate here. We do not know, after all, whether he had anything to do with Dallas. The photograph of the two bums arrested by the police in Dealey Plaza shortly after the murder does show a resemblance to Hunt and Sturgis but there is an indigestible discrepancy in the height. On the other hand, Hunt was chief of covert action in the Division of Domestic Affairs at the time; that is a perfect desk from which to have a hand in such an assassination (especially if it has been brought off by some variant of a Mafia and anti-Castro Cuban team). At the least, we have to assume that Hunt would have been in position to pick up enough to embarrass the CIA profoundly. But then it is staggering to contemplate how much Hunt may have found out about matters he had not necessarily been active in himself. If no one in the CIA could locate to a certainty the details of other operations, still a tremendous amount might be learned through gossip, or by reconnaissance through those more or less secret files which would be more or less available on long, dull office afternoons. And he was a writer of suspense novels, no less. What material might be at hand! To the degree the CIA is bureaucratic and not romantic there would be formal procedures in getting to the files which could be winked at, breached, circumvented, or directly betrayed. To the degree the CIA was a culture, then Hunt was a living piece of inquiring matter, and in the years from 1966 to 1970 as his career in the CIA was ostensibly winding down, he had time to do a little research on some of those hundred and more murders in Dallas supposedly connected to witnesses of the assassination, time to get a line on who might be doing the job. For the CIA, whether implicated or not, could hardly be without interest in a mop-up operation of such magnitude. Over a hundred murders to keep the seepage of information under control!

So Hunt may have known a great deal about Dallas. We

have to hold this in our attention when we begin to think of the nightmare within Hunt's nightmare—the death of his wife in the crash of United Air Lines Flight 553 from Washington to Chicago on December 8, 1972. The plane had crashed on landing at Midway and she was one of 45 people who were killed. We do not know how much Hunt knew nor how much he had told his wife. We know that she was making payments to the Cubans with White House money, but that is hardly a piece of information worth silencing by the risk and carnage of sabotaging an airplane. An investigator, Sherman Skolnick, in Chicago, would lay the claim that twelve people in one way or another connected with Watergate were on the plane, and he would remind us that White House aide Egil Krogh, Gordon Liddy's old White House boss, was appointed under secretary of transportation the next day and would supervise the National Transportation Safety Board and the Federal Aviation Administration in their investigations of the crash. That is not an automatically insignificant detail. On December 19, Alexander Butterfield would be appointed the new head of the F.A.A.³¹



F HUNT AND DOROTHY HUNT HAD KNOWN

a great deal about Dallas and were threatening to tell the world, then Hunt would not have to brood over such details. He could assume his wife's plane had been encouraged to crash. Of course, we would no longer be talking about anguish, but masterplots and last-reel peril. The likelihood is that Hunt and Dorothy Hunt were trapped in a smaller game, and the crash was a mixture of inefficiency, cynical maintenance, and who knows?—some overload of psychic intensity among the passengers. (Why else do great athletes live in such fear of traveling by air but that psychic intensity is also a species of physical charge and can even distort the workings of an electronic system?)

No, it is more likely Hunt was living with the subtle horror that attends every inexplicable crash—is there a psychology to machines? Had there been an intervention of moral forces, a play of the dice from the demiurge? At the least, Dorothy Hunt's death was evidence of the raised law of coincidence in dramatic and dreadful events. Great or vivid events could indeed be peculiar in their properties, and maybe no perfect conspiracy ever worked, since people were so imperfect—only imperfect conspiracies succeeded and then only when a coincidence drove the denouement home. Was it possible that Hunt was finally obliged to look over the lip of tragedy itself—a view which leaves us, the Greeks were certain, babbling and broken? Did he come to think that a psychic vortex pulls in a higher incidence of coincidence itself?

"A man may defend himself against all enemies save those who are resolved that such a man as he should not exist."
—Tacitus, epigraph to *Undercover*

³¹For that matter, Dwight Chapin, appointments secretary to Nixon, moved over two months later to an executive position at United.



EFFECT ON THE PHENOMENON:

A higher incidence of coincidence itself. The more central the dreadful act, then the greater is the number of accidents, disasters, and astonishing connections which surround it. By such a cosmic thesis, more than one assassination plot would come to collision on those murderous days of our history (when Americans began to live in fear of more than the atom bomb) and so, too, more than one agency, more than one enclave, more than one motive, yes, more than one plot have been set up, or unhinged, at Watergate. We have to free our minds of a hundred certainties we have been provided (and have provided ourselves) on that third-rate burglary. We have preferred to rely on the testimony of a hundred skilled and professional liars rather than face into a vision of reality which would recognize that Franz Kafka is the true if abstract historian of the modern age, and the Möbius strip is the nearest surface we can find to a plane.³²

To free our minds! We live in one existence, but have the overlay of another upon us. We strive to make our history, and sense, with the uneasiness of confrontations never faced, that we may dwell under the overall domination of an invisible second government (at odds with itself?) whose touch is subtle, but whose scenarios sit like an incubus upon Intelligence itself.

³²A Möbius strip is like a paper band curved into a circle, but twisted a half turn before it is glued. If you start drawing a line down the middle of the band your pencil will end up on the opposite side of the paper once you have circled the ring. Stated by its paradox, the top surface of the plane is now the bottom surface.

Of course we also live in a world more dazzling with the montage of startling connections than a Kenneth Anger film. Maybe, it is our reward. During that season when Bobby Kennedy, weary from stalking Jimmy Hoffa, would relax with Marilyn Monroe, we find out Hoffa, in his turn, hired a wiretapper, Bernard Spindel, to listen in on Bobby.³³ Spindel, who must have been as proficient as Gene Hackman in *The Conversation*, was going to be arrested eventually and would die in jail. There is reason to think the Kennedys never forgave him, for Spindel seems to have gotten some tapes on Bobby, and the wiretapper's widow appears to have kept and concealed them. She rose up to the polluted surface of the news a year or two ago, Mrs. Barbara Fox Spindel. A small munitions company she owned had been offering (by the claim of its promotion material) to be able to produce fatal exploding cigarette packs and other small works of surprise for the use of the CIA and other espionage. Her company and her name became connected by way of the newspaper story to Lucien "Gus" Conein, an old CIA hand who had long worked for General Lansdale, the CIA station chief in Saigon. Conein denied the connection vehemently, of course, but then we can imagine how quickly somebody in his line of work is going to admit a professional association with Mrs. Spindel.

Now, it happens to be Conein, an old Company associate, whom Hunt interviewed when Chuck Colson was looking for a way to cook up a few false Kennedy cables on the assassination of Diem. It is a long trail which leads from the tragedy of Marilyn Monroe to E. Howard Hunt and his thunderstruck fun and games, and there is not much voltage in these connections. No shock comes across the gap. It is just that like Agatha Christie's characters we all seem to end up knowing one another. Before too long, if irony does not paralyze, we may be singing, "No man is an island, intire of it self" in the god-awful music of Ernest Hemingway's final whiskey-cracked voice. Listen to his record.³⁴ What a crazy country we inhabit. What a harlot. What a brute. She squashes sausage out of the minds of novelists on their hotfooted way to a real good plot.

³³Robert F. Slatzer, *The Life and Curious Death of Marilyn Monroe*.

³⁴Ernest Hemingway Reading, *Caedmon Records TC 1185*.

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HOT TIN ROOFS

"...Pressed-tin-plated ceilings have become the darling of architects. In the last two years, orders have more than doubled..."

For over a century, pressed metal has served its time on the ceiling and all of a sudden everyone's looking up to it. Its recent revival seems to have started with brownstone and loft renovators buying a few sheets to patch old ceilings. Then it became *de rigueur* for the ceilings of reproduction old-world restaurants and bars like Crawdaddy (see page 49), Friday's, and Chez Pascal. And now, although pressed-tin-plated ceilings look sort of Renaissance-meets-the-industrial-revolution, they're becoming the darling of even Bauhaus-saluting architects.

It's easier to buy these historic sheets than to find out who invented them. From what I can piece together from talking to architects and conservation experts and digging through old New York building codes, metal ceilings were originally introduced about the time of the Civil War as a replacement for the ornamental plasterwork that decorated the walls and ceilings of the most fashionable rooms of the day. Once in place, it was discovered that these ceilings had other benefits. Unlike plaster, the metal could withstand roughhousing above the parlor, and could also be more easily maintained than plaster, which could flake, crack, and peel.

Besides, the rich variety of pressed patterns could instantly satisfy all tastes. "I remember my grandfather saying that in the 1890s the ceilings were constantly being shipped to Europe, and that he employed a large staff

of draftsmen to keep abreast of the most recent motifs," says Nat Ohman, of C. A. Ohman Company, Inc., a Brooklyn firm that now specializes in metal as well as other kinds of ceiling installations. Over the years new patterns were constantly added to manufacturers' lines, and surviving today is everything from Greek Revival to Rococo to Deco-style designs.

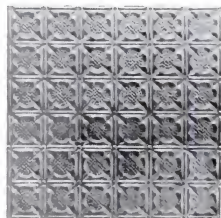
"In the last two years, orders on metal ceilings have more than doubled," says John Shanker, grandson of Samuel Shanker, the original founder of Barney Brainum-Shanker Steel, Inc., which, no matter what anyone tells you to the contrary, is the only firm in this area still stamping pressed-metal sheets. When the firm started making them in 1912, there were more than 40 firms that offered tin-ceiling patterns as well

as full catalogs of wainscotings, cornices, moldings, fillings, borders, and corner plates. The ceilings are pressed from large dies and until 1928 Barney Brainum-Shanker Steel made them with a hand-operated drop hammer, one sheet at a time. Now they are produced on an automated press, but still one sheet at a time.

Barney Brainum-Shanker Steel charges \$9.30 for a two-by-eight-foot sheet, for 50 sheets or less—which works out to about 58 cents a square foot for the raw material. The price of cornices ranges from \$26.50 to \$100.60 for 100 lineal feet. In addition there is a \$15 crating charge on all orders of less than \$250. Write to the company (70-32 83rd Street, Glendale, New York 11227) for an illustrated catalog of designs, a price list, and detailed installation instructions. But, unless you are exceptionally handy, don't attempt to install the ceiling yourself. Though lightweight, the sheets are hard to handle and have very sharp edges.

Professional-installation costs vary depending on the condition of your existing ceiling and the amount of construction that is necessary before the metal can be applied. Most installers will give free estimates, and their prices for installation, including material, start at about \$1.25 per square foot. Some installers will sell you the raw material alone, and on occasion will undersell Barney Brainum-Shanker Steel, which supplies them all.

Although (Continued on page 50)



One quarter of a 2-by-8-foot panel.



Tin types: The samples on this and the next two pages are some of the patterns available from Barney Brainum-Shanker Steel.



Raspberry float: For the dining area of his West Side apartment, lighting consultant Paul Marantz collaborated with architect Alan Buchsbaum on the design of the dropped ceiling. Marantz chose a geometric pattern, cut out the tin-plated sheets, nailed them to a lightweight wood frame, painted them, and then suspended the whole construction twelve inches below the existing ceiling.



Painted samples: We painted a corner of several 2-by-2-foot samples (each is one quarter of a standard 2-by-8-foot ceiling sheet).



Top choice: *In Crawdaddy*, the restaurant in the Roosevelt Hotel where food consultant George Lang and California-based interior designers Eric and Sammie Erickson of Erickson Associates, Inc., combined their talents to produce a neo-New Orleans flavor, tin-plated sheets in a floral tile pattern were applied to the ceiling and above the windows, and then painted a deep green.



Color aids: A comparison of the painted and au naturel parts of the tin sheets can help you decide what to do with yours.

Your own special island.

We've brought a very special rum to the Mainland. And at a very palatable price. Old St. Croix. The Virgin Rum from the Virgin Islands. Light, flavorful and once enjoyed only by a fortunate few who lived on the island. Tonight, it's yours to enjoy. Welcome to the islands!



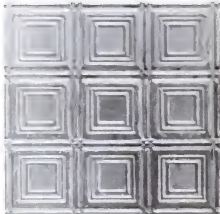
OLD ST. CROIX
LIGHT
Rum

St. Croix Light & Dark Rum, 80 Proof, © Old St. Croix Distillers and Importers, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., 1976

(Continued from page 47) most carpenters and handymen can put up these ceilings, here are five firms that have extensive experience installing them:

AA Abbingdon Ceiling Company, Inc., 2149 Utica Avenue, Brooklyn (BE 6-3251), will install the ceilings in the New York area only. This firm will sell the material alone for \$9 per two-by-eight-foot sheet. Send for a free illustrated catalog.

C. A. Ohman Company, Inc., 455 Court Street, Brooklyn (624-2772), is



Another available tin-plated pattern.

big in brownstone and commercial renovations. But this firm will sell the sheets alone for \$7 per two-by-eight-foot sheet, for a minimum order of 50 or more sheets.

Theodore J. Fuchs, Inc., 205 East 78th Street (OX 5-6455), **Chelsea Metal Ceiling Company**, 2309 Second Avenue (534-5895), and **Central Metal Ceiling Company**, 1200 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn (HY 1-0370), also install metal ceilings.

All the sheets described above come in a silvery tin finish which you can leave as is or paint—preferably with an oil-based paint. For a more polished look (and for more money) you can get shiny copper, brass, or chrome-plated ceiling panels (\$25 for a two-by-eight-foot sheet) or solid copper or brass sheets (\$50 for a two-by-eight-foot sheet) from **Ardmore Textured Metals**, P.O. Box 327, Edison, New Jersey 08817 (201 549-3800 or 212 349-0636). Write to them for a catalog sheet.

When you finish your metal ceiling, think about metal walls, which are ripe for a comeback. "We've started to think of resurrecting our old wainscoting dies," says John Shanker. "In the meantime, what with the price of wallpaper rising, my wife and I are putting the ceiling sheets against the walls in our dining room at home." Dian Boone, an interior designer in Philadelphia, is way ahead of him. She put up the tin-plated ceiling sheets on three of her kitchen walls over a year ago. ■

The Passionate Sipper/Peter Quimme

QUAFFING TIME

"...I prowled Manhattan's pubs, bars, and taverns, looking for those that have a decent selection of imported beer on tap..."

Only the simplest things, like fresh air, are beyond the New Yorker's grasp. The unusual (a 1931 Bugatti? canned elephant meat?) is available, for a price. The inexpensive unusual, though, you have to track down yourself, which is what I did recently in prowling Manhattan's pubs, bars, taverns, and restaurants to find those that have a decent selection of imported beer on tap. I've nothing against American beer, mind you; it's just that some of my favorite beers are imports, and I wanted to know where to find them.

Such a focused thirst is not as easy to slake as one might think. Although imported beer is nothing special in this part of the country—about 60 labels are usually available in bottles—only about one third of these are imported in kegs for dispensing by tap. Even if you count seasonal shipments of specialty beers such as "Oktoberfest" versions, there are rarely more than eighteen to twenty imported tap beers available in the city, the products of six European countries: Denmark, Holland, Britain, Ireland, Germany, and Czechoslovakia (see box, page 52).

Beer properly dispensed from a properly stored keg is the brew at its best. Since beer in the barrel is usually unpasteurized, delicate, and perishable, it must be stored at the proper temperature, kept away from strong light, odors, and miscellaneous bacteria, and dispensed in clean equipment under the right pressure. Otherwise it is likely to be cloudy, flat, "wild," or just plain unpalatable. Just how good a glass of beer you'll get also depends on how recently the keg was tapped; unless the beer is rapidly consumed, the last mug is likely to be considerably flatter than the first. Unfortunately, encounters with foul, dank-smelling, and flat beer aren't as rare in New York as they should be.

There are well over 2,000 bars, restaurants, taverns, and pubs in Manhattan licensed to sell draft beer. Not all of them bother to do so, and of those that do, only a small portion have imported beer on tap—most, naturally, is domestic.

However, places serving one or two imports are common enough. Wiener-



wald and the Brewery, two of the restaurant chains in town, offer Dinkelacker and Löwenbräu (and/or Heineken) respectively. (Van Munching, the U.S. importer of Holland's Heineken, guards its figures closely, but based on my wanderings, I'd guess well over 100 bars in the city have Heineken on tap. At the opposite end of the scale in availability is Pilsner Urquell. As far as I was able to determine, this elegant Czechoslovakian brew is on tap in only three spots in Manhattan: two Czechoslovakian restaurants—Praha, at First Avenue and 73rd Street, and Ruc, at 312 East 72nd Street—and at P. J. Clarke's, described below.

If, like me, you don't have one favorite among beers, your choice probably depends on mood, food, and weather. No bar or restaurant, alas, has my idea of a perfect selection (Pilsner Urquell, Carlsberg, Beck's, Whitbread Tankard, Würzburger dark, and Guinness Stout), but some of those described below may have yours.

Despite the fact that for weeks on end, awash in beer and suppressing a constant desire to belch, I manfully crawled from pub to pub, it is entirely possible that some fantastic spot with ten perfectly served imported draft beers escaped my dragnet. Nonetheless, those listed below are guaranteed to keep a beer lover busy for a week or two. In alphabetical order:

Bavarian Inn (232 East 86th Street, 650-1056). Here's a colorful Yorkville spot where you can enjoy German beer

with German food and listen to music like "The Happy Wanderer," played on what looks like an electric zither. The clientele is primarily from the surrounding German-American neighborhood, but there are plenty of others savoring the old-world atmosphere, eating all sorts of wursts under the stags' heads, and knocking back Dortmunder Union or Würzburger light or dark in a 50-cent flute glass or a \$1 mug. (Prices in the bar are slightly lower.) You can even take kids here. They'll love it.

Berry's (180 Spring Street at Thompson, 226-4394). An interesting crowd gathers at this small, low-key SoHo bar-restaurant, with its paisley-striped wallpaper and its old Victorian bar. Berry's offers a selection of appetizer/snacks of the cheese-board/chopped-chicken-liver variety for nibbling while you sip mugs of Heineken and Whitbread ale (both \$1.25), or of Dinkelacker and Würzburger amber (both \$1). Dinner is available at moderate prices.

Caliban's (360 Third Avenue near 26th Street, MU 9-5155). This is a superb old saloon bar—high ceilings, brick walls, a loftlike space, a menu of French specialties, and an excellent wine list... but then, this is supposed to be about beer. The choices on tap: Beck's beer, Bass ale, and Guinness Stout (\$1 each).

David Copperfield (322 Lexington Avenue near 38th Street, 686-8070). This British-style pub has a number of English patrons and a number of good English specialty dishes; it features English beer and ale on tap—Whitbread Brewmaster and Bass ale (each \$1.15). Although it's crowded, this is a very enjoyable place for lunch.

Joe Allen (326 West 46th Street, 581-6464). A well-known pretheater-dinner restaurant with a casual, cozy atmosphere, Joe Allen's is also a great place to drink beer, even though the bar is usually jammed with patrons waiting to snag a table under the photo-covered brick walls. Würzburger dark, Heineken, and Bass ale are on tap here (\$1.10 each).

Limerick's (573 Second Avenue at 31st Street, 683-4686). You can drink good draft beer in an outdoor patio, at a friendly bar, or in a small, draft din-

"...Among Britain's best brews are her amber-colored ales, considerably more full-flavored and aromatic than lager beers..."

ing room at Limerick's. Even if you don't have one of the Irish or English dishes with your \$1 mug of Harp lager, Guinness Stout, Bass ale, or Heineken, try the Irish soda bread (50 cents).

Lüchow's (110 East 14th Street, GR7-4860). Würzburger beers are featured on draft here (Lüchow's was the exclusive importer in the early 1900s). Both the light and dark versions are served, as well as specialty Würzburgers—Oktoberfest beer in the fall, and Bock beer in the spring. If none of these seems right with one of the dishes from Lüchow's vast menu of German specialties, you can order Heineken and Löwenbräu light and dark. All beer is \$1.65 a mug, but the oompah band is fun.

Martell's (1469 Third Avenue at 83rd Street, UN 1-6110). Martell's old fireplaces, paneled walls, and tiled floors provide a charming, intimate ambience for eating and drinking. While an interesting crowd gathers here at night, the selection of imported beer on tap—Bass ale, Heineken, Whitbread Brewmaster, and Löwenbräu, all at \$1.25 a mug—are best sampled on a quiet afternoon while you're leafing through the magazines hanging near the bar.

O. Henry's Steak House (345 Sixth Avenue at West 4th Street, CH 2-2000). I've walked by O. Henry's a hundred times, but wasn't inspired to enter until I noticed that they'd enclosed their outdoor café with glass. Now it's a far quieter place to sit with a mug of beer, and O. Henry's has a good selection—Würzburger light and dark, Heineken, and Whitbread ale on tap, all at \$1.25.

P. J. Clarke's (915 Third Avenue at 55th Street, PL 9-1650). Even those who've often squeezed into P. J. Clarke's boisterous, crowded front bar for a lunchtime or evening drink may not realize the extraordinarily wide selection of imported beer on tap here—Whitbread ale and Guinness Stout at \$1.10 a glass, and Heineken, Löwenbräu light and dark, and Pilsner Urquell at \$1.20. While you can eat good inexpensive food in the quieter back dining room, it's more fun to drink your beer at the old front bar and enjoy the crush.

Peartree's (1 Mitchell Place—First Avenue at 49th Street, 832-8558). People are the principal attraction here, and evenings draw a sophisticated, international crowd (doubtless because of Peartree's proximity to the United Nations) around the modern bar overlooking the street. The beers are served in goblets—Carlsberg, Heineken, and Würzburger dark and light (\$1 each).

Pig 'n Whistle Restaurant (36 West 48th Street, 247-3070). Here's another good spot for inexpensive lunching in midtown, with one English brew—Whitbread Brewmaster—and two Irish—Harp lager and Guinness Stout—on tap. All are \$1 a mug.

St. Regis King Cole Bar (Fifth Avenue at 55th Street, PL 3-4500). If you're looking for circa-1915 quiet, staid elegance while you sip your draft beer, you can't do better than the King Cole Bar at the St. Regis, one of the few major city hotels to offer a selection of draft beer. The bar under the amusing Maxfield Parrish mural serves Carlsberg, Löwenbräu, and Heineken. The price is among the highest in town for draft beer—\$1.89—but if the place isn't crowded, the bartender may tell you Salvador Dali stories.

Teacher's (2249 Broadway between

80th and 81st streets, 787-3500). Teacher's has an easygoing, unpretentious West Side atmosphere, an interesting menu, including that rarity, a decent hamburger, and Spaten light and dark on tap at 95 cents a glass. This is a place to relax, chat, drink, and eat.

Tin Palace (325 Bowery at 2nd Street, 677-9727). Although the neighborhood is raunchy—a sprinkling of broken glass, bedsprings, and Bowery types—the Tin Palace is a pleasant refuge, with its Art Deco bar, carved wood railing from the defunct Broadway Central Hotel, and its tables covered with red-checked cloths. There's a lively crowd here for jazz seven nights a week, and a \$2.50 minimum if you sit at a table—which is why nursing a mug of Whitbread ale, Bass ale, or Heineken (\$1 during entertainment) at the bar is popular.

Tasting the Top Taps

Germany: Germany is well represented in the city, with nearly a dozen imports available in the barrel, most of which are light, golden lager beers characterized by a pronounced taste of hops. Some find this flavor too bitter; others find it adds a zest, tang, and dimension without which any beer tastes flabby. Of the beers most generally seen, Spaten, Dortmunder Union, and Würzburger are lightest in flavor and not overly zingy; sharper are Dinkelacker, Löwenbräu, and Beck's, the latter two held in high esteem by those who appreciate their depth of flavor and ability to stand up to food. I give the edge to Beck's. Dark versions of these beers range from piquant to ponderous. Würzburger dark is among the lightest of these—creamy, spicy, and deliciously drinkable. Others, such as Löwenbräu dark, have an aroma like pumpernickel bread and a heavy molasses flavor. Nonetheless, such brews have their fans and do mate well with hot sausages and the like.

Britain: Among Britain's best brews are her amber-colored ales, considerably more full-flavored and aromatic than lager beers. Despite the stronger, heavier flavor, these ales are all easy drinking, with a round, spicy taste and creamy foam. Bass pale ale and Whitbread Tankard (pale ale) are available on draft here. Also found on tap: Whitbread Brewmaster, a substantial British lager type. The ales reveal their best flavor when served cool rather than cold.

Ireland: Ireland's world-famous brew, Guinness Stout, is the classic dark beer; thick and almost black in color, with a creamy head, it is the heaviest beer available on tap. Those unfamiliar with its virtues might appreciate its rich scent and intense roast-malt flavor best with food. Harp lager, another Irish product, is not so dramatic, but is nonetheless a light, well-made beer.

Denmark: Danish beer is represented on tap in the city by Carlsberg, a light, crisp, delicious lager that is one of my favorite thirst-quenchers.

Holland: Heineken's crisp, tangy lager style is deservedly popular; it is said to be the best-selling import in the country, and its eminently drinkable draft version doubtless leads the pack of imported tap beers as well.

Czechoslovakia: The bright, light, zestful, and superbly refreshing Pilsner Urquell from Pilsen, Bohemia, is often imitated and rarely equaled. —P.Q.



The Benihana Chef. He carved a place for himself in American History.

Half a score and two years ago, the Benihana chef brought forth to this continent the Hibachi steak.

To the land that gave the world Broadway and Hollywood, he brought a new stage. The Hibachi table.

For the first time, the Americans applauded while he made the steak, the shrimp and the mushrooms dance.

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BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern



Other Courts of Action

"I've never seen such excitement in a new division," says Seena Hamilton, a shaker in tennis circles who last year put together a 21-and-under tournament, open to amateurs and pros, and this year will put on the first national championships. "The honing of a game is in the opportunity to play. Before, it was always a question of pull or luck; now, these kids are getting constant exposure to professional tennis." Players will include Junior Davis Cuppers and Junior Federation Cuppers, top college players from here and abroad, and some of the best nationally ranked eighteen-year-olds. Names to remember: Bill Maze, Barbara Jordan, Barbara Hallquist, Tim Garcia, Linda Siegelman (of the New York Sets), Cindy Brinker (Maureen Connolly's daughter), and Ruta Gerulaitis (Vitas's sister). 21-AND-UNDER NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS/August 16-22/Columbia University Tennis Center/575 West 218th Street/Info: PL 5-8864/Tickets: \$2-\$5 a day, \$15 the week



Sails of the Century

Last week we met Allen Whipple, a descendant of William Whipple, who signed the Declaration of Independence; of Abraham Whipple, who was second captain of the Continental Navy; and of the Nantucket Whipples, who encouraged him to spend his childhood summers sailing. The reason we met young Whipple was to see his paintings of boats. As we looked, he told us that he'd studied art at Boston University and at William and Mary in order to become a set designer, but somehow had become a private investigator instead . . . until the day he sold a portrait of the *Mauretania* at the Washington Square art show for \$500. It's been boat-painting ever since. Whipple was aboard the *Kalamazoo* on July 4, commissioned by a division of the navy to paint the tall ships, and his show at South Street includes tall ships, short ships, and other ships such as the *Aquitania*, the *Queen Mary*, the *America*, the *Statendam*, the *Empress of Britain*, the *Titanic*, and the *Normandie* (above). "I love liners," Whipple says. "I think I give them greater fidelity than anyone else."

ALLEN WHIPPLE/Through September 30/South Street Seaport Museum
9 Fulton Street/766-9040



Better Insulate Than Never

There is a new kind of insulation that can be easily "installed" in most buildings. Tripolymer, a light, soapsudsy material, is hoisted into wall cavities. It hardens in minutes, provides excellent insulation, effectively deadens sound, and is fire-resistant. People who have had their houses inflated with this foam say that installation was quick and left no scars. And while it is too early to report precise fuel savings, it would appear that Tripolymer is a sound investment. At an average of 65 cents a square foot, the process is likely to run in the \$1,200 to \$2,400 range—a painless way to conserve fossil fuels and cut down on pollution.

—Andrew Tobias

C. P. CHEMICAL COMPANY, INC.
25 Home Street/White Plains,
New York/(914) 428-2517

Keep in Touch

Blessings on Liz Childs and Betsy Feeley, summer interns at the Met, who are giving free workshops for the blind. The girls explain how textiles, china, glass, and metal artworks are made; their students then feel examples. The girls discuss on the human form in art; the blind explore by touch such Met masterpieces as a 4,500-year-old Sumerian figure, an Egyptian king, a classical Aphrodite, an Islamic horseman, a St. John the Baptist bronze, and so on.

WORKSHOPS FOR THE BLIND/Through August 19/Metropolitan Museum of Art TR 9-5500, ext. 379, by appointment

Both Sides Now

Growing up on Baxter Street as he did, Rich Chu remembers having to watch every step he took. "One wrong move and you'd bump into something," he says. Life is less crowded for him now, in Princeton . . . but not so for the Chinese who still live in Chinatown. Chu's photographs of seven Chinese households—of families who love each other and families who don't, of kitchens with bathtubs and bathrooms without—make this all quite clear. "I want to be very revealing about what's behind the restaurants and upstairs," he says. "Most people in Chinatown never invite anybody up who's not familiar with the setting. It's nothing to be proud of."

CHINATOWN: A VIEW FROM WITHIN Through August 29/Alfred Stieglitz Gallery/34 West 15th Street/675-9721



Father Know Best

Though others make the claim, Caswell-Massey, established in 1752, is the oldest drugstore in America. It is here that George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Dolley Madison picked up their prescriptions and perfumes. Just as you can. A three-ounce bottle of Number 6 Cologne, custom-blended for Washington (after he rejected the first five), is \$5.

CASWELL-MASSEY/Lexington Avenue and 48th Street/PL 5-2254



Sweet Madness

"It's a fantasy, this business," says Jane Kronick, who thought she wanted a greeting-card store until Robert Cohen came along and whispered sweet things in her ear. Their new candy shop has blue-and-white mattress ticking on two walls and a back wall worthy of song: little windowed compartments of malted-milk balls, jawbreakers, nonpareils, Jordan almonds, licorice shoelaces, and such. On the counter: big jars of gumdrops; in the counter: wicker baskets of chocolate pretzels, mint caps, jelly rings, chocolate cherries, marshmallow puffs, marzipan fruit, milk chocolate and dark chocolate and ivory breakup. On a cart in the middle of the floor: heaps of Hershey kisses, spoon candy, chocolate cigars, nougats, orange circus peanuts, etc.; and in the window: cutesy things like big chocolate pacifiers (\$3.99), huge chocolate kisses (\$1.95 and \$3.25), jumbo jawbreakers (\$1), giant Bicycle playing-card boxes full of hard candy (\$2.95), Tootsie Roll banks (\$2), gum-ball machines (\$35-\$160), and all sorts of jars—from Mason to Liberty Bell—empty and full. For instant gratification, Robert and Jane sell caramel-covered apples-on-a-stick (50 cents), frozen Milky Ways (20 cents), fresh buttered popcorn (50 cents), and lollipops ranging from 3 cents to \$8. For more serious indulging, there's the fudge—vanilla, chocolate, and butterscotch (\$4 a pound), for which they auditioned 110 fudgemakers by having tastings in Jane's apartment every hour on the half hour for two fattening weekends. And there is more to come. In September, the shop plans to carry Godiva chocolates and chocolate-covered fresh fruits, dipped on the premises. Oh, my. CANDY KISSES/58 Greenwich Avenue at Perry Street/929-7133 Open 1-11 p.m. every day

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Polls Apart: J.C. and the 'Watergate Twins'



Ford, Connally: Will they drive the undecideds to Jimmy?

There are two J.C.'s in the 1976 campaign. The other one is John Connally. One has been accused of taking his initials too seriously; the other has faced more serious charges. Their popular images are altogether different. In fact, a poll taken on the eve of the Republican convention indicates that Connally's image might seriously handicap any ticket that bore his name.

This confidential poll, conducted by a highly respected firm that prefers to remain anonymous, showed the following voter reaction to Connally:

Favorable: 33 percent.

Unfavorable: 44 percent.

"Connally would not help the Ford ticket," the pollster says. "He's got a negative image. Even in the South he has problems."

The numbers in the South mirror the numbers in the country at large. Favorable: 33 percent. Unfavorable: 44 percent. So much for the primary argument in favor of placing Connally on the ticket—that he would help carry the South.

Connally is most popular

in the West, but that simply means that just as many people like him as dislike him. He scores a dead heat. Favorable: 42 percent. Unfavorable: 42 percent.

In the Northeast and the border states, Connally posts a 53 percent unfavorable rating. To put these figures in perspective, it might be well to recall that George McGovern had a 40 percent unfavorable to 48 percent favorable rating shortly before he lost 49 out of 50 states in the 1972 election. At present Connally is about as popular as Richard Nixon was at the height of Watergate.

"Ford and Connally would be the Watergate twins."

This assessment, not from a Democrat, not from a Northerner, but from a leading Texas Republican. His name is Ray Barnhart and he is the Republican chairman for Harris County, which contains Houston and which is more populous than seventeen states. Asked if Connally would help or hurt Ford in Connally's home state, Barnhart says: "Connally

might hurt Ford in Texas. I don't think Ford has the nerve to try this combination."

The Harris County chairman hastens to add that he believes the bribery charges brought against Connally by the Watergate special prosecutor were "a bum rap, a raw deal." He agrees with the jury that acquitted Connally. But he feels it would be suicidal to team a man indicted by the Watergate prosecutor with the man who pardoned Nixon's Watergate crimes.

President Ford's own pollster conducted a poll in Ford's home state that showed Connally to be the worst of the possible running mates tested. The survey was done by Robert Teeter, of Market Opinion Research, who has contracts with both the Detroit News and the Ford campaign committee. The Michigan vice-presidential poll was actually done for the News, but Teeter's other client obviously took note of it. The results, compiled before Carter picked his running mate, were as follows:

Ford-Reagan: 39 percent.
Carter: 42 percent.
Undecided: 19 percent.

Ford-Richardson: 35 percent.
Carter: 40 percent.
Undecided: 25 percent.

Ford-Brooke: 32 percent.
Carter: 41 percent.
Undecided: 27 percent.

Ford-Connally: 34 percent.
Carter: 44 percent.
Undecided: 22 percent.

Connally on the ticket would seem to drive the undecideds into the loving embrace of Jimmy Carter.

Connally's favorable rating has gone down in the polls as the importance of integrity has gone up in the polls. Pollster Peter Hart says that before Watergate, only 20 percent of the public listed integrity as the most important quality they looked for in a candidate. After Watergate, that figure jumped to 60 percent. Integrity has become the leading issue in 1976.

Should Ford team up with Reagan? Not necessarily. The argument usually given for putting Reagan on the ticket is that he would help Ford in states like Texas and California. But my anonymous polling firm says Ford actually runs ahead of Reagan in both Texas and California. Reagan won the Republican primaries in those states by landslides, but Ford would do better in a general election—he would attract more Democrats.

Is there a Ford in Connally's future? Not if Ford reads the polls. A Ford in Reagan's future? Perhaps. But in a year when integrity is the main issue, Ford might better turn to the Republican with the best Watergate record: Elliot Richardson.

Personally I was hoping for a Reagan-Ford ticket. Let Ford be vice-president again. It's a job he can handle.

—Aaron Latham

Winging It On Broadway



Sanders: Bird colonel.

Yes, folks, there is a Colonel Harland Sanders, and his finger-lickin'-good times will be told in the new musical *Kentucky Lucky*. A heart-tugging story (to say nothing about the stomach), *Lucky* goes into production later this year for a long road tour and then on to Broadway. The colonel—his title is strictly honorary—pulled himself up out of poverty at age 65 with his special fried-chicken recipe. The secret: eleven different herbs and spices, whose names even the franchisees aren't told.

James H. Chapin, the producer and book writer, says *Lucky* will be a million-dollar production served up with plenty of promotional ties—although the Kentucky Fried Chicken Corporation is not investing any money. Jay Livingston and Ray Evans wrote the score; Jerry Adler (*My Fair Lady*) will direct. Chapin says the book will pick up on Sanders at 64 and tell his story in flashbacks. The colonel, 85 now and living in Shelbyville, Kentucky, ought to love this.

Carter Unbuttoned

The race to be with the first "serious" book on Jimmy Carter appears to have been won by Martin Schram, Myron Waldman, and Jean Heller of *Newsday's* Washington bureau. Their study of Carter's primary campaign, to be published by Pocket Books, is described by Schram as "a sort of Horatio Alger story . . . it

Lee, Telly: Catching Dior's Eye

When the Christian Dior marketing people decided to introduce a new line of sunglasses in the United States, they knew just the fun couple

to hire as models—Lee Radziwill and Telly Savalas. The Beauty and the Cop also saw eye to eye with Dior on their modeling fee: Insiders say Lee and Telly got \$5,000 each for the photo session—plus twelve pairs of Dior's new glasses.



Lee: Spectacular fee.

There's No Biz Like the News Biz

First it was the thundering hooves of a posse of Wyatt Earps and Paladins, then the whine of police sirens in a dozen cops-and-robbers series. This season it'll be the tap-tap-tap of the city-room typewriter. Enter television's new prime-time cultural hero—the newshound. The media will become the message in at least three new prime-time shows.

□ The Norman Lear comedy *All's Fair*, on CBS, will center on a love affair be-

tween an aging columnist and a young photographer who work in Washington.

□ Over at NBC, Raymond Burr (a.k.a. Ironside) casts aside his wheelchair to play R. B. Kingston, editor-at-large for a chain of newspapers and broadcasting properties (the Frazier Group) headed by a "press lady" in her fifties. "He's a Jack Anderson type and she's a Katharine Graham-Dolly Schiff type," says an NBC executive. "There's no love interest between them." The two-hour *Kingston* pilot will be aired September 15.

□ CBS's *Andros Targets*

has for its hero a hard-digging New York investigative reporter of Greek descent—not unlike the show's consultant, New York Timesman Nicholas Gage. The character Mike Andros is single, in his thirties, "and not entirely likable," according to Gage, who is married, 37, and kind to stray dogs and old copy-readers. Gage promises that Andros won't get into unrealistic chases and shoot-outs. "The excitement will come from the reporter's struggle to get information, and it will show the conflicts among reporters and their editors." Now that's realism.



NBC's *Kingston* trio: Raymond Burr (editor), Pamela Hensley (flack), Bradford Dillman (villain).

has a happy ending."

But there are some scenes that won't make the candidate too happy, such as the account of his foul mood after his defeat in Massachusetts. The book also has Carter changing into denims "to help my image" before making a key announcement. The *Newsday* people have a tentative title: "... And I'm Running for President." But there were some holdouts for *None Dare Call It Peanuts*.

Lincoln Center Stalling: Shame!

One day last week we counted 32 (thirty-two) women in line outside an orchestra-level ladies' room at the New York State Theater. Twelve of the angry standees gave up, finally, and sprinted for their seats as houselights dimmed. They appeared anxious.

That sort of thing's been going on for months, ever since the board of directors

lopped off all of the right-side men's room (and three of the six stalls in the ladies') to create a conference room.

"The house has fourteen bathrooms," says a spokesman. "That's ample. It exceeds the legal requirements."

Maybe so, but any of the 1,038 high-paying orchestra patrons who feel necessity's sharp pinch had better get used to queuing up. Alas, entr'acte they won't find all relief. —Rita J. Thompson

Music/Alan Rich

QS, SQ, CD—HOW TO SEND YOUR EARS UP THE WALL

"...Quad merely perpetuates the basic audio illusion. Rest assured, however, that the sound is a glorious experience..."

This will be the first article I've ever written about high fidelity, and, if I play my cards right, it might be the last. To write about the subject properly requires learning another language, which I'm too old to do. Besides, what passes in today's world for audio is only barely tangential to what passes for music; the old joke—about the man who walks out of Carnegie Hall because there isn't enough stereo separation—has the ring of truth.

Nevertheless, it's foolish to pretend that a good sound system isn't a fine thing to own. I still keep an Edison cylinder phonograph in working order, against the day when the hi-fi industry abandons all its current foolishness and returns to basic values, but I have a few other toys as well.

This summer I've acquired a quadraphonic system. Quad, in case you're as ignorant as I was a few weeks ago, provides two more channels of sound in back of the listening area, to give something more like the ambience of a concert hall where some sound comes back from the rear. To a certain extent, quad merely perpetuates the basic audio illusion: live sound doesn't come at you from two, four, or even eight isolated points, but from all over. Nevertheless, quad is undoubtedly an advance on stereo—if not so dramatic an advance as stereo was on mono—and, as long as you sit in the proper square-inch-or-so in relation to the four speakers, the effect is marvelous.

Quad has now been on the market for nearly five years, and it was widely hailed when it first emerged as the next great leap forward. That, however, hasn't happened. There has not been a rush to buy the extra amplifier and speakers (known in the lingo as "hardware") that four-channel sound requires, and as a result there aren't very many quad records ("software") on the market. This, despite the fact that a quad record can be played on ("is compatible to"—hey, Mr. Berlitz) an ordinary stereo system.

The real problem with quad today is one of confusion thrice compounded. Manufacturers of equipment are confused because manufacturers of records are confused because the public



is confused. The public confusion is easy to trace. There are, at present, three different systems for getting quad sound off a disk and into the four loudspeakers, and each system requires a different electronic circuit ("decoder," "demodulator," "veeblefetzer," etc.) to unscramble the sound ("information") on the disk. There are the SQ and QS systems, both of which also go by the name "matrix." In the matrix system, the four original channels are boiled down to two on the record groove, and then those two are "decoded" (unboiled back up to four) in the amplifier. Then there is the CD-4, or "discrete," system. Here, the two extra channels are kept separate on the record, where they ride along on a high-frequency signal beyond human audibility; then the CD-4 widget in the machinery "demodulates" that signal back to an audible one. The matrix records can be played with a normal stereo cartridge; CD-4 requires a special cartridge that is sensitive to the high-frequency signal, but this cartridge can also be used for matrix, as well as for stereo and mono. (Are you still out there?)

Anyhow, the battle among the three systems has thrown the quad market back to square one, or, to be specific, back to the situation that existed

when Columbia and RCA were fighting the 33-vs.-45 war in the early days of LP. You can, however, buy a four-channel receiver with all three systems built in. I have the Pioneer QX 949A, a dandy piece of hardware selling for \$750 (or about \$15.31 per pound), and one thing I love about it is that when you switch from one system to another a whole new set of lights goes on. What with the lights, and the fact that there are 30 separate faucets you can push or turn, you can, even if you're deaf, satisfy your craving to pilot a jet plane.

But the manufacturers I've talked to, including Pioneer, are well aware that the confusion of systems is turning the public against quad. Thus, they aren't pushing it, and not many dealers are giving shelf space to the stuff. I went to the largest dealer in Rockland County to price some CD-4 cartridges, and he told me he had none in stock, because nobody had asked for one for nearly two years.

Among the record manufacturers, the situation is even more confusing. Angel and Columbia, which both use the SQ matrix system, tell me that they're bullish on quad, and that they're gradually switching over to a single-inventory, all-quad catalog. (There's no problem there, because all quad records, in all three systems, are completely compatible with stereo equipment.) Angel has even introduced quad in its low-priced Seraphim series, a splendid eight-record set of the nine Beethoven symphonies by the late Rudolf Kempe listed at \$31.84 (SIH 6093). RCA, which uses the CD-4, claims that it, too, is optimistic—but has only issued a handful of classical records in quad all year. Nonesuch, which also uses CD-4, issued ten records in quad up to about eighteen months ago, found no consumer acceptance, and stopped.

Anyhow, in case you've been seriously wondering about quad, in spite of this confusion, rest assured that the sound itself is a glorious experience. Even ordinary mono and stereo records, played over all four speakers, take on a liveness and room-filling quality that you cannot get any other

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way. It seems like a tragic waste, if quad records are compatible to ordinary stereo systems, that more records aren't being made. It seems even more tragic that the industry—both equipment and record manufacturers—is following separate and irreconcilable pathways that have inevitably led to the current confusion. It's time for someone to get off the potentiometer.

Quad also exists on tape, in the form of cartridges that require yet another piece of equipment: a playback unit with four output channels. I haven't played with one of these gadgets yet because the amount of serious repertory issued in this form is extremely small. (The pop catalog, as you can see by checking the quad listings in the front of *Schwann*, seems to make up most of the tape repertory.) What does interest me far more, however, is what has happened in the area of stereo cassettes, which brings us to another new word (to me, anyhow): "Dolby."

When tape cassettes came out about ten years ago, they seemed like a way to have not very good sound in an extremely convenient package: a small plastic box that you inserted into the player without the fuss or muss of threading tape reels. The tapes were very thin, and they turned at a speed far slower than on reel-to-reel machines, which cut down the frequency response considerably. Then along came the Dolby system, a complicated piece of circuitry which makes possible a vastly improved cassette sound. My other new toy is a Dolbyized cassette player (Pioneer CT-F2121, and I am not either working for or being paid off by the company).

The other day I hooked in the new London cassette of *Scheherazade* by Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, put the stereo disk of the same performance on the turntable, and flicked back and forth ("A-B Test," in the lingo). The difference between the two was amazing, because it was so slight. The disk had a little more openness on the high frequencies, but the cassette had a great deal more richness and resonance in middle frequencies, plus an absence of surface noise that gave the music a remarkable presence. The real advantage of tape over disk is that on a record the sound worsens markedly as you approach the center (more information packed onto shorter groove-length); tape is free from this problem. As with quad tape, the repertory on prerecorded cassettes is small, but several companies (London, Angel, etc.) are rapidly expanding their catalogs. If you've been sneering at cassettes as kid stuff, as I have, you'd better listen again.

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Movies/John Simon

OBSESSIONS: ON LAND, SEA, AND IN BETWEEN

"... In *Obsession*, De Palma's direction has its splashy slickness, but the people serve as mere props for the effects ..."

Paul Schrader is a curious specimen: A scenarist who combines high-brow and lowbrow tastes, theological and movie-buff concerns, he seems to be, according to anecdotes that drift eastward, at least as ghoul-haunted as the woodland of Weir. There was obsessiveness at the core of *The Yakuza*, which he co-scripted; his Travis Bickle, in *Taxi Driver*, was a man possessed; now we have the eponymous *Obsession*, which he wrote from a story by himself and his friend Brian De Palma, who directed. Or should I say ex-friend? Rumor has it that, owing to cuts and changes De Palma made in the screenplay, which are said to include the jettisoning of 40 final pages, the friends have fallen out. As for the film, though I don't know who did what to which, one thing is certain: The result is an unholy mess. Intended as an homage to Hitchcock—especially to his murky and pretentious *Vertigo* (itself a kind of unwitting tribute to Clouzot's *Diabolique*)—*Obsession* attitudinizes in three directions: toward the Hitchcockian thriller, toward the old-fashioned tearjerker, and toward the sophisticated European film, with cultural references strewn like bread crumbs along the way of Hansel and Gretel.

Such a mishmash could be endearing; as it happens, it is neither minor mash so much as mush. Briefly, it is the story of Michael Courtland, a rich New Orleans land developer who, partly through foul play and bad luck, but partly perhaps through his own improvidence, loses his adored wife Elizabeth and young daughter in a combination kidnapping and car accident. Unremotely haunted by his unfulfilled love for Elizabeth, he returns, almost twenty years later, on a business trip to Florence, where she, fresh out of Bryn Mawr, first crossed his path. In the Church of San Miniato, where he and Elizabeth met, he spies atop a scaffolding a young woman, Sandra, who helps with the restoring of damaged artworks. She is a dead ringer for the dead wife; in fact, Michael takes her to be Elizabeth divinely restored to him as a second chance. He woos and wins her, and

takes her back home to wed. On the eve of the wedding, after much preliminary anguish, the same disaster strikes again, leading to a bizarre climax one might call preposterous—except what, then, would one call the rest of the movie? A tissue of loopholes?

Now, I don't want to give away too much of the story, because all there is is the paltry but fiercely posturing plot. Still, I must say (close your eyes here if you wish to preserve your innocence vis-à-vis this rather corrupt film) that Sandra is really Elizabeth and Michael's daughter, a survivor despite appearances, now hell-bent on avenging her mother's death on the father, whom the real villain has smeared.

Schrader and De Palma have loaded their penny dreadful with allusions high and low. There are overtones of *The Winter's Tale*, the Bluebeard story, *Rebecca*, and, of course, *Vertigo*. There are quotations from Dante's *Vita nuova*, likewise a tale of loving obsession. And there is more: The fresco with whose restoration Sandra assists is by Bernardo Daddi; it is a Virgin and Child, whose damaging has revealed an earlier work underneath—which one of them is to be sacrificed for the other? Why such fuss over a lesser master like Daddi, for whom Sandra and the restorers finally opt? Because Sandra's heart, however ironically and ferally, belongs to Daddy. And why the Virgin and Child? Because love between child and mother is what really motivates Sandra. And why is it the earlier work that is sacrificed? An anterior life must be abandoned both by Michael and Sandra for the sake of a *vita nuova*.

The movie is full of such otiose alusiveness and gamesmanship. Sandra's last name is Portinari—after Dante's Beatrice, of course. A minor character, said to be a bore, is called D'Annunzio after you know whom; another one is called Farber, although I can't say whether after Manny or Stephen. The place where Michael doesn't quite dare accost Sandra is the Ponte Vecchio, where Beatrice withheld her greeting from Dante. Since a staircase figures prominently in several Hitchcock films, photography, editing, and

music combine to pump ominousness into the stairs of San Miniato, even though they have no dramatic function whatsoever. The first part of the film takes place in 1958—the date of *Vertigo*. The score was finished, just before he died, by Bernard Herrmann—the composer of *Vertigo*. And so on.

All this would be mere harmless minor nonsense if the plot as a whole weren't such a major piece of arrant absurdity. Sandra's behavior is a *priori* incredible, and it's only because we don't know till later who she is that we swallow the preposterousness that surrounds her. Thus, her supposed Italian mother sickens on cue, is tended by nuns at the hospital, exacts a deathbed promise of marriage from the already obsessed Michael and seemingly reluctant Sandra, then duly dies. Who is in on Sandra's scheme? The good sisters? A deadly virus? Or God? When Michael and Sandra share his New Orleans house, what's going on sexually? Are we to believe that these sophisticates shy away from premarital intercourse? Or that, incest being bad for desired PG ratings, they carry on blissfully off-camera? And why doesn't Michael age one bit over the quarter century covered by the film? Is it a clause in Cliff Robertson's contract? Plastic surgery? Or God?

Countless details are fudged over in one way or another; if all else fails, there is always manic editing. Most incredible, though, is that the real villain should, with all his verve, choose so slow and risky a method of skullduggery as he does, and that the bright and decent Sandra should be so manipulable and obtuse. Toward the end, the behavior of all the characters becomes even less explicable, and the last slender links to sanity, indeed humanity, are frenetically severed.

De Palma's direction has its splashy slickness, but the people serve as mere props for the effects. The director was best at low-budget jobs like *Greetings* and *Hi, Mom*; considerably less good with medium-priced items such as *Sisters* and *Phantom of the Paradise*; and, if this is any indication, untrustworthy with bigger budgets. Vilmos Zsigmond, Hollywood's fanciest cam-

era operator (I use the term advisedly), pulls all the stops out of his lenses and filters, and manages, for example, to make Florence look like something jointly concocted by Franco Zeffirelli, Max Ernst, and a light show commissioned by Perugia chocolates. New Orleans with overcast skies looks, by contrast, like something out of *Macbeth*. Worse yet is Herrmann's score, which can't consist of more than eight bars of music, as schmaltzy as the

screenplay from Paul Wheeler's story is magisterially moronic, and cannot even make up its minuscule mind whether to play it straight or as a spoof of the pirate genre that might best be called *Captain Ketchup*. As a result, the incoherent whole is even worse than the scum of its parts. James Goldstone, the director, hasn't a clue about how to direct sword fights, derring-do, crowd scenes, romantic moments, orgiastic decadence, sight gags, or much

year-old—and consequently rather over-the-hill—hero should retain his integrity and freedom by continuing to ply the unfettered trade of lifeguard along the beaches of Santa Monica, bedding jolly stewardesses and an occasional underage groupie (the perils of jailbait!), or chuck it all, don his civvies, settle down to selling Porsches in "the Valley," and marry his high-school sweetheart, now an affluent divorcée with a cozy home, thriving art



Object of obsession: Genevieve Bujold as the ill-fated wife of Cliff Robertson, and as a look-alike who enters his life years later.

worst of Max Steiner or Victor Young, and becoming louder and nastier with every one of its thousand repetitions, until its obsessiveness surpasses the protagonist's. I don't know what Herrmann died of, but I wouldn't rule out shame as a possibility.

Nothing could have saved the film, but the acting might at least have humanized it. Genevieve Bujold may be the only leading lady in Hollywood today who combines looks, talent, and intelligence without having any of the prevalent freakishness; but as Elizabeth she has very little to do, and as Sandra very little that makes sense. At one point she is even misdirected into a kind of come-hither walk and expression that would have been excessive for Tondelayo. Maybe, however, overcompensation seemed called for opposite the near-perfect nullity of Cliff Robertson: The obsession he can muster is at best that of a stick in search of another to rub against in the hope of a spark. John Lithgow, who plays his partner, is just the stock exaggerated movie Southerner. Can you rub together stick and stick?

Genevieve Bujold, for all her spunk, is wasted yet more mindlessly in *Swashbuckler*, a movie about evil governors and noble buccaneers in a by-gone (or never-was) Jamaica that might better have been called *An Ill Wind in Jamaica*. Jeffrey Bloom's

of anything else; he is a little better with animals, but even there dependable: He gets a good performance from a monkey, but an undistinguished one from a rooster. What he really lacks is rhythm and timing; the opening sequence, an interrupted hanging, is a model of how not to achieve either comedy or excitement.

Several fine performers are perversely miscast in this movie, Goldstone having the inverse of the skill sought by the alchemists—the knack of turning gold into stones. Hence, no doubt, his name. Not only can he reduce good actors to indifferent ones, he can even make poor ones, like Beau Bridges, look hopeless, and change a merely homely woman, like Anjelica Huston, into a positive horror. Dependable craftsmen, like the cinematographer Philip Lathrop and the composer John Addison, revert to tyros in *Swashbuckler*. To top it all, the film has a concept of homosexuality that is downright medieval. On the other hand, it may be the first movie to introduce the word *pederast* into the vocabulary of the hinterlanders, at whom it is clearly aimed. Still, there must be easier ways of building up word power.

Venturing a little less far into the briny deep, there is *Lifeguard*, which addresses itself with the most earnestly dogged idiocy to the profoundly existential question of whether its 32-

gallery, and lovable son (the perils of *embourgeoisement*!).

Ron Koslow, whose scriptwriting debut this is, spent his adolescent summers on the beaches of Southern California, then five further, presumably adult, summers "hanging around with ocean lovers and [Los Angeles] lifeguards," and the results seem to be this movie and water on the brain. The humorless persistence with which he worries his hero's existential dilemma makes me wonder whether the movie isn't more Kierkegaard than *Lifeguard*. It is, at any rate, studded with inadvertently uproarious lines, like the one in which the hero confides that he prefers his job in winter, when the beach is deserted, because it allows him time to think.

Daniel Petrie has directed with veteran shockiness, Ralph Woolsey's camera work is irritatingly picturesque or moodily washed-out, and the performances are unremarkable except for that of Sam Elliott as the protagonist. Elliott is so perfect as a befuddled beach Galahad, all mustache and suntan, as to make me worry about whether he could play any other part at all. Of the women who make his life sweeter but more difficult, the most fetching is Sharon Weber, a former *Playboy* gatefold girl, as a fiery art hostess. Compared to such fire and air, the other elements, especially water, seem to be baser life indeed. ■

The Underground Gourmet/Milton Glaser and Gertrude Snyder

THAI IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT

Ah, sweet mystery! The mix for a successful restaurant is difficult to quantify. Here we have a restaurant nicely situated on a well-trafficked street, with a comfortable series of four rooms and first-rate cooking of a little-known exotic cuisine. Yet **Siamese Gardens**, 220 East 53rd Street (935-1920, 355-8000), is struggling to survive.

The wide-ranging menu features both Vietnamese and Thai specialties, although there are many more of the latter. Both cuisines reflect their country's proximity to China and India, yet with marked difference. The Thai cuisine—Thailand never having been subjected to European colonial rule—is homogeneous and integrated, with a high level of preparation frequently incorporating chili, peanuts, coriander, basil, and lemon grass.

There is a special lunch, our main consideration here because prices rise as much as a dollar per item on the dinner menu. The luncheon offers a soup of the day, an entrée, rice, and tea or coffee. We tried two soups: watercress, clear broth, light and spicy; and *canh chung* ("old-fashioned egg soup"), shredded chicken and hard-boiled quail eggs in a clear chicken broth. If you care to order one of the à la carte soups, we recommend number 7, the spicy shrimp soup for two (tom yom khung), \$2.95. Six fresh, good-sized shrimp sit in a bracing broth flavored with lime juice and imported dried lime leaves (an indigenous addition), dried lemon grass (removed when soup is ready to serve), whole green chilies (watch the seeds, the sharpest element of the peppers), coriander, and a touch of rice vinegar.

Lunch entrées offer a choice of eighteen individual and two combination plates, ranging through chicken, beef, pork, shrimp, and squid, from \$2.95 to \$3.95. A rare and fortunate combination is chicken chunks sautéed with chili and fried basil, \$2.95. Beef is prepared in the same way, with onion added, \$3.25. A pleasant chicken curry (red) is served with rice noodles, \$2.95. Thai curries use coconut milk as broth, and are identifiable by their color: Each color bespeaks a particular mixture of spices and herbs, of sharp and mellow fragrances—a cool cry from the curries of India.

Spicy squid sauté is another lunch specialty, offering tiny, morsel-sized squid sautéed in a peppery sauce,



number 57 on the menu, \$2.95. And we prefer the sweet-and-sour shrimp, in a light, transparent sauce (number 55, \$3.50), to the Chinese version. Either combination plate is a fine introduction for those who like an all-over sampling, \$3.95.

The fairly extensive à la carte lunch menu has many quite special dishes, including *nem nuong*, which seems to be the Vietnamese national dish. At \$6.95, it is fairly costly, but can serve two easily. Number 18 consists of broiled balls of spicy pork, accompanied by sprigs of coriander, sliced garlic, scallion, lettuce, paper-thin triangles of thin, fried pancakes, and a refreshing honey sauce. The procedure is to build an open sandwich of the elements, the foundation being the thin sheet of dough.

We also recommend appetizer number 3: guon, fresh spring rolls, \$1.95—a Vietnamese contribution reminiscent of, but vastly different from, the Chinese. A simple dough of wonton batter, uncooked, is rolled thin to serve as a wrapper for thin rice noodles and bits of pork and fresh coriander; it is served with a thin sauce of rice vinegar and has a peanut base.

Another entrée which can serve two comfortably is number 2, som tam, green-papaya salad, \$1.75. Shredded papaya is served on a lettuce leaf, with thin strips of tomato and a mixture of nam pla—a salty fish sauce added to almost everything—ground hot pepper, sugar, lemon, and ground peanuts. The papaya must be young and hard, in season only, for the dish to be prepared authentically. "Other Thai restaurants try to deceive the American people, using instead radish or carrot."

In the noodle category, number 13,

bun bo, is a delicious dish of contrasts. Cold rice noodles are covered with steaming beef sautéed with onion, curry powder, ground peanuts, and a sweetened sauce, \$2.95.

We couldn't resist number 31, tenderly listed as "Squid in Love." The owners thought it a nice name for, we must add, a heavenly dish. The combination here is of shrimp, chicken chunks, and squid tentacles sautéed in a spice mélange, a dish in which the peppers are not "hot." Served with rice, it is shareable at \$5.50.

There is only one (untitled) dessert listed for both lunch and dinner, at 90 cents. A sweet coconut milk is punctuated unexpectedly with chunks of ice, sweet beans (chick-peas), segments of look chid (a translucent Siamese fruit), thick bands of coconut meat, and slivers of the exotic jackfruit. Very nice.

The young owners of Siamese Gardens are Siriporn and her husband, Sombat (Sam), Saengchailarpwattana. Both have degrees in finance and business administration from American universities. For the last eight months they have been hard at work to make this restaurant the success it deserves to be.

The décor consists of wood captain's chairs placed at tables with red cloths overlaid with plastic lace, and artificial greenery entwining on pale-green walls. Seats 57.

Open Monday through Friday from 12 noon to 2:30 P.M. and 5:30 to 11 P.M., Saturday from 5:30 to 11 P.M. No liquor license.

Food—good to excellent
Ambience—fair
Hygiene—good
Service—good

Art/Thomas B. Hess

A DESCENT INTO THE MALL STORM

"... You're reassured to find out that it's the usual snafu. The Empire State Plaza in Albany, for all its grandeur, doesn't work..."

Dazzle and dislocation are your first impressions on visiting the Albany mall, or, to give it its legal name, "The Empire State Plaza"; anything that costs about \$1 billion to build rates official nomenclature.

Dazzle: From subterranean garages and corridors, after driving through a maze of tunnels and ramps whose walls are dressed in Cyclopean masonry—like the footings of the Acropolis, had Theseus known about pneumatic drills—after negotiating banks of elevators and flights of stairs, tourists emerge timidly into the glare. They blink. They shield their eyes against a noon, July sun. Light bounces and shatters off tons of Georgia Cherokee White and Vermont Pearl marble cladding. The 98 acres of Plaza shimmer in radiant heat. The luminosity reminds you a bit of Cycladic temple sites. There's a similar dry, high, bone-white, other-world drama. A similar northeasterly wind (Boreas) blows across the Platform Building, one fourth by one eighth of a mile of paved marble (there are six stories underfoot: four for parking; two for cafeterias, corridors, computers, conferences). There's a similar sense of abandonment as dust and paper cups eddy between the four sentinel Agency Towers and rattle in the empty fountains. Odd Greek phrases come to mind—*pou ena palea eklesia?* or *birra kria, parakalo* ("where is the old church?" or "cold beer, please"). You feel very much a tourist, an outsider, alien in your home state.

Hence the first impression of dislocation. "Why," you wonder, "or where can this portentous chunk of city-state be?" It is highly organized, unified, tied to strong physical, symbolic, and psychological coordinates. It doesn't look American, certainly not like the capitol of a state. It's hardly a venue for apple-knockers to split fees and infinitives with colleagues from the urban blight. State capitols are designed to shamble. They respect a powerful, democratic urge to elude hierarchical arrangements at the centers of power. Americans don't like the Louvre or Vatican big-palace format. Your average state capitol has a dome here (the legislature), some columns



Design for an empire: Alexander Calder's *Tête à Queue*, in a fountain which has since been drained, looks at two Agency Towers (left) and the old state Capitol.

there (the executive), some other columns and domes (courts, commissions), plus a big high rise to take care of the fat bureaucracies (welfare, pork barrel). There is a tacit understanding between government and governed to let the former at least assume the appearance of informality, friendliness, approachability. The Empire State Plaza, on the other hand, articulates an efficient power structure capable of assaults on the citizenry. It symbolizes a will to dominion—control over the environment, the bureaucracy, the courts, the people. The old state Capitol building, whose southwest façade faces the Platform Building, is caught and cropped by the sharp marble cubes of two edifices; they pinch it, as in a vice. The designer of the Plaza, Wallace Harrison (of Harrison & Abramovitz), seems to be telling the spectator that the power of the governor holds the Legislature in an implacable grip. The architect's overall plan is a vast symbol of authority.

Instead of friendly, fusty old Albany, you seem to have stumbled into the

capital of a two-bit, Latin-American dictatorship, suddenly become prosperous, run by a tinhorn colonel who's decided to show who's boss—in marble. What has this strict alignment of four small towers, braced at attention in front of one, tallest tower, to do with a place where Stanley Steingut swaps indictment anecdotes with Perry Duryea, while the governor's cabinet squabbles over who's got the limousine? What's the point of these files of travertine cubes (they turn out to be exhaust ducts, not sentry boxes), of this ominous, vaguely Olmec scale floating in split-level pomp above a flight of stairs that would make Speer envious (it turns out to be a museum)? Why build a "Multi-Purpose Auditorium," shaped like a "unique bowl" according to the state's Office of General Services, like a half grapefruit according to the *Times*'s Paul Goldberger, and to an art historian like the bottom of Max Ernst's *Elephant Celebes*, an image based on a photograph of a conchrib in south Sudan?

And what about all the art—sculpt-

“... At the opening of the complex, the fountains were turned grandly on; they sprayed all over the assembled dignitaries ...”

tures, paintings, many of them very large and very fine—that decorates the Plaza, its various lobbies, and especially the “concourse level” of the Platform Building (its fifth underground floor—a corridor about one fourth of a mile long)? Isn’t the statue of General Schuyler on his horse enough for Rensselaer County?

First impressions of architecture often are shocking. New buildings look raw, especially second-rate ones. They cry for lichen, wisteria, patches, anything to blur the coarse details. Then come second—and tenth—impressions. You notice that the fountains which stretch the length of the Plaza—jewels in the diadem of the Platform Building—are drained, full of dry waterjets, snakelike tubing, dead spotlights, and lots of baby-blue paint, including the ungainly lumps upon which rest the dainty toes of a giant Calder. At the opening of the complex (July 1), the fountains were turned grandly on; they sprayed all over the assembled dignitaries. For days, any tourist crossing the Platform got soaked. The designers evidently forgot about the high winds of Albany. So the million-dollar fountains are back in Harrison & Abramovitz’s Research & Development section.

Item: There isn’t enough room in the new buildings for existing staffs. Millions of dollars are being spent to rent commercial space for them. Meanwhile, the state’s old Alfred E. Smith Office Building is largely empty.

Item: The large pictures on the concourse-level corridors and lobbies have been glued to the walls (like 1930s WPA post-office murals), so they will stick there until the building is torn down. Meanwhile, the Al Held, one of the best and largest of the works, has been pasted the wrong way. Its edges don’t fit. Whole sections of the picture have to be sanded down and repainted. No money was put aside for such contingencies. Nor are there any funds for conservation, although considerable need already is evident: the Clifford Still (a handsome, turbulent, untitled abstraction, 1964) is badly cracking; paint is flaking off the Ellsworth Kelly polychrome sculpture; kids are scratching initials on the Ronald Bladen.

In other words, you’re reassured to find out that it’s the usual snafu. The Plaza, for all the grandeur and show of efficiency, doesn’t work. It’s a huge edifice, and, in their days, so were the old Capitol Building (1881), the D&H Railroad Station (1914), and the Alfred

E. Smith Offices (1930). Like them, the Plaza is a massive waste of public funds and a bonanza for private contractors, bankers, agents—in other words, for politicians and their numberless in-laws (for example, architect Wallace Harrison’s wife’s brother was married to Nelson Rockefeller’s sister; in a sense, he’s another, high-class *cognato*).

Nowadays, the old state Capitol building gets considerable sophisticated approval. It was started by Thomas Fuller in 1867; when he resigned, it was taken over by the great Henry H. Richardson (with Leopold Eidlitz). If it hasn’t got Richardson’s soaring, neo-Romanesque verve, it does have his scholarship and cubic musculature (somewhat reminiscent of Richardson’s Paris master, Henri Labrousse). And the craftsmanship, in details of carved marble and wrought metal, is splendid. The Delaware & Hudson Railroad Station rises like a Rhenish fantasy below the capital hills. Built in two campaigns by Marcus Reynolds (1914, 1918), its tower and long shed, with their parades of flamboyant Gothic piers and mullions, play Mahler to Richardson’s stolid Brahms. Even the Alfred E. Smith Offices begin to look elegant—in a modestly Art Deco way. Thirty years hence, probably, Harrison’s Plaza will seem charming, imaginative, even plain, compared with what the politicians of the year 2010 enjoy. In 90 years, should it survive, it will begin to rise among the masterworks, and be properly considered in relation to Harrison’s Rockefeller Center plans—a project in urbanization that is widely admired and cherished. It, too, has a tall tower with smaller, flanking ones, and a huge circular auditorium. It, too, attempts to coordinate dense traffic with generous planes and volumes of emptiness.

In short, in spite of dazzle and dislocation, nothing much has really changed in Albany. We’re at another repeat of the 30-year political cycle when too much money is spent on too large a building. The one new thing is that there’s lots of good art this time—which is, of course, Nelson Rockefeller’s particular trademark.

The paintings and sculptures were selected by a jury consisting of Wallace Harrison (chairman), Seymour Knox (Buffalo banker, head of Rockefeller’s State Arts Council), and René d’Harnoncourt (director of the Rockefeller-sponsored Museum of Modern Art). After d’Harnoncourt’s tragic death, Dorothy Miller (curator-emerita of the Modern museum) replaced

him. The jury’s ground rules specified that only New York State artists should be included, and that (at Knox’s insistence) all the works be abstract. But, of course, when you work for a Rockefeller, you expect him to write his own regulations: The largest piece in the Plaza is *Labyrinth*, by a School of Paris sculptor, François Stahly. The governor liked it, so all rules were forgotten. There’s something rather appealing about this kind of Rockefeller arrogance, usually because it’s mixed with generosity and goodwill. Some times, however, the arrogance gets ugly. Nelson Rockefeller has given his big Jackson Pollock, *Number 12, 1952*, to the state. It hangs prominently in the Office Tower. The picture was irreparably damaged in the 1961 fire in the Governor’s Mansion. Its colors are bleached and dirtied. To show it this way is to betray Pollock’s intentions and to damage his reputation. The canvas should be in a study collection, not on public view.

The jury’s rules were elastic for other members, too: Mary Callery (one of Harrison’s favorite sculptors, who lives in Paris) is included; so is George Segal (a realist, he lives in New Jersey). Clement Meadmore (an Australian), Ronald Bladen (a Canadian). They’ve made some of the best pieces in the Plaza, and it’s heartening to know that petty regulations were properly disregarded—always the sign of a successful jury.

Indeed, most of the large paintings and sculptures were amazingly well selected—for which Dorothy Miller deserves the thanks of all New Yorkers. And Nelson Rockefeller, too, should be applauded, for, in the parade of white elephants that slowly is driving the entire population out of Albany and into the suburbs, his may be the most pompous. Still, it’s got the best art. (Over 3,000 people had to relocate to make room for the Plaza, and about 1,150 structures were demolished—some of them twentieth-century red-light, others, nineteenth-century gems.)

The next problem is for the new Legislature and governor; they must find ways to conserve the Plaza’s collections. Otherwise, in a few years, there’ll be nothing left of the paintings but tatters, and the sculptures will become graffiti displays. (For a pathetic example of this sort of disfigurement, look at the once-gleaming steel *Arp* in some bushes directly south of the Metropolitan.) There is a responsibility involved—and an urgent need.

Your Own Business/William Flanagan

TRADING FUTURES: DO YOU DARE?

"...Most people aren't temperamentally suited for trading commodities. They don't realize how fast the action can be'..."



Bear facts: Commodities solicitor Manfred Rechtschaffen cautions, "For every \$1 million made on commodities, \$1 million is lost."

Needed: Quickly Losable Cash

The commodities markets have gone bananas lately. Russian wheat shortages. Drought in Europe. Dips in gold prices. Soybean shortages. Coffee crops hit by frost. Currencies devalued. Such are the misfortunes that fortunes are made (and lost) on.

So trading in commodities is more hectic than ever. By one estimate, the value of commodities traded last year was about \$600 billion, and it's even higher this year. In June, trading volume was up 62 percent over the same month in 1975. Some 3 million people, it's estimated, are now trading everything from propane to potatoes to pork bellies—about ten times as many traders as five years ago.

Some have been extremely shrewd—or lucky. Take the investor who turned \$20,000 into \$1.5 million by pyramiding options on coffee. Or the Chicago Board of Trade member who once had

to work as a night watchman to make ends meet—but who made about \$27-million in soybeans in 1973 and 1974.

Most traders are not so fortunate; the blade cuts both ways. In fact, most people lose money on commodities—for good reasons. First off, the commodities market is basically a high-risk, high-leverage game in which relatively minor price shifts can not only wipe out your initial investment, but can also leave you with an additional tab. More important, you are speculating against the producers, marketers, and raw-material processors who buy and sell the copper, cocoa, silver, or whatever, and who have had years of experience in hedging their investments.

"With commodities trading—unlike securities—there is a dollar lost for every dollar made," points out Manfred M. Rechtschaffen, a commodities specialist with Bache Halsey Stuart. "It's strictly one to one."

Gerald Gold, author of *Modern Commodity Futures Trading* (Commodity Research Bureau, \$10.95), is a walking data bank on commodities. He can tell you, for example, where flaxseed futures are traded (Winnipeg); what constitutes a hard freeze on Florida oranges (26 degrees Fahrenheit for four hours); what a hog-corn ratio is (the relationship between the price of live hogs per pound and the price of corn per bushel), and a bushel of other commodities oddities. Gold has long been an expert in the field, but even he has suffered his reverses. Most investors, he thinks, should shy away from commodities trading.

Rechtschaffen agrees—even though he is a commodities solicitor dependent upon commissions. "Most people are not temperamentally suited for commodities trading. They don't realize how fast the action can be; they don't react quickly enough. It's too hard for them to take a loss right away, too

"...If the economy holds, the job market for managers earning \$20,000 to \$35,000 should start to improve in January'..."

easy to take only a small profit when they should let it ride."

Nor, say the experts, do occasional speculators appreciate that they can lose more than they want to invest. When you buy a commodities contract, you put up only 5 to 10 percent of the full value, depending on the commodity. You put up, in effect, a deposit.

"But you are responsible for the whole thing," says Rechtschaffen. "It's like putting up a down payment on a house. Suppose you buy a contract of wheat—5,000 bushels, at a price of \$3.50 per bushel. The value of the contract is \$17,500, but you put up only \$1,750. But if the price of wheat drops to zero, you are responsible for the full value."

Commodity prices never drop to zero, of course, but they sometimes dip low enough to require a buyer to pump in more money than he's already invested.

"When the market goes against you, dropping the limit each day, it can be days before you can sell out. You can lose a bundle," Rechtschaffen says.

Still, despite all the red flags, Rechtschaffen has no shortage of clients. "I never give a hard sell," he says. "A lot of people know that if you make ten successful trades in a row you may never have to work again."

Owning commodities contracts can be a lot more stimulating than owning securities, too, and that can attract investors. Take gold, for example. "Americans are still excited by the fact that they can legally own gold," says Rechtschaffen. And the action reflects it. The International Monetary Fund is scheduled to auction gold again in mid-September—which would depress gold prices even further than they've recently dropped. Some believe that the IMF will postpone the sale, because earlier buyers—largely banks—wound up getting burned. That belief is strong enough to influence the gold price, which has rebounded from \$107 to about \$113 an ounce.

Some investors use commodities as an inflation hedge, since raw materials usually reflect inflation trends, sooner or later. Sophisticated traders, to reduce risk, hunt for limited-risk spreads—buying and selling contracts on the same commodity, with different delivery dates. Gold points out that a spread now exists between December and March wheat contracts. By buying December and selling March, your risk is limited to about \$250 per contract, but you have unlimited gain potential.

The mechanics of commodity trading

—for the investor, at least—are no more complicated than buying stock, even though the markets where trading actually takes place are located in New York, Chicago, and elsewhere. Major brokers have representatives to do the buying and selling for you. (The commission structure is different, however. You pay a single fee for a "round turn" transaction, not two commissions, as with stocks, when buying and selling. A typical commission: \$30 for a wheat contract on which the current deposit requirement is \$1,750.)

Your friendly broker will be more than happy to open an account for you—with some provisos, however. Merrill Lynch, for example, insists that you have \$75,000 of net worth before it will open a commodities account for you. Bache Halsey Stuart; Paine, Weber, Jackson & Curtis; and other major firms have minimum requirements. And they insist that you put up at least \$3,000 to \$5,000 in "quickly losable cash" before you start trading.

Major brokers also have "guided commodity programs," roughly equivalent to discretionary accounts. The firm picks what and when to sell or buy, and you can go along or not. The minimum investment in such programs is hefty—\$25,000 to \$100,000.

There are also limited-partnership funds. Gerald Gold is an adviser to one now being sold—Spectrum Fund. Shares sell for \$1,000.

Obviously, to handle your own account requires a very good knowledge of what is going on in a given commodity. Even so, be prepared for early reversals. "I think it takes at least \$25,000 to have cushion enough to survive and invest properly," says Gold. "If you can make it for one year, you will probably do well," he adds. "That means you have *Sitzfleisch*—you can sit on a contract when you should."

Rechtschaffen thinks six months is a sufficient acid test. "If you last that long, you probably have the proper temperament. The only way to survive is to be disciplined," he adds.

Wanted: Senior Execs

Looking for a change in jobs? There's good news and bad news, according to Korn/Ferry International, the nation's largest executive-search firm.

The good news is for senior management types. According to Lester Korn, president, the market "has not been stronger in the last five years."

The bad news is for middle manag-

ers. "Many companies cut back an average of 8 percent on middle managers in recent years, and they have learned to live with that reduction," says Korn.

For the six months ending June 30, corporations had 31 percent more senior-management vacancies than in the previous year's first half. Senior managers, in Korn's figures (based on a survey of 350 corporate clients), are those earning \$45,000 and over.

Executives in general management, with proven track records, are most in demand; they accounted for 42 percent of the vacancies Korn showed during the second quarter of the year. Sales execs and production managers were tied for second place, each representing 13 percent of the vacancies.

The door has finally begun to close on hotshot financial executives, so much in demand through the recession. "Now that American industry is in an expansionary mood, corporations want general management and marketing talent in large quantities," says Korn.

The fields of consumer products and financial services are hungrier for top executive talent, each showing 19 percent of the openings. Electronics and basic manufacturing are next (12 percent), followed by the energy and petrochemical industries (10 percent).

There is a silver lining for middle managers, however. "If the economy holds, the job market for the \$20,000 to \$35,000 managers should start to improve in January or February. That's when all these new top guys will need the troops to implement their new plans. And most companies are too lean to provide them all from the ranks," adds Korn.

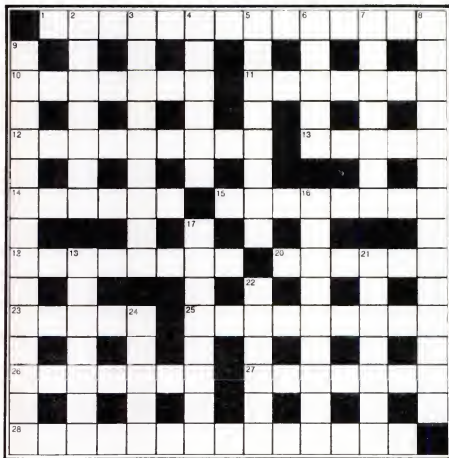
Economics Without Tears

"With the possible exception of Mick Jagger's dropping out of the London School of Economics (circa 1963), nothing has had a greater effect on the course of twentieth-century economics than the publication of John Maynard Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money* (1936)."

So writes Howard Sutton in his new textbook called *Contemporary Economics* (Praeger, \$7.95), a lively yet in-depth explanation of the science and art of modern economics. It was written with today's nonreading undergraduates in mind, but is also very useful for those of us, long away from the campus, who still cringe at memories of Econ 101.

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution To Last Issue's Puzzle.



Clues

ACROSS

- 1 Extraordinary set-up of Eastern press admiring the University. (8, 6)
- 10 Clear although the opposite of a large letter in large measure. (7)
- 11 Pretend to sound as if one is expressing contempt for beauty treatment. (7)
- 12 Twisted tin in bulb makes a spark. (9)
- 13 The fashionable are punished. (5)
- 14 Previously found in a place where no wine is drunk. (6)
- 15 Occurred to a one-time army and England captain. (8)
- 18 The superintendent would be finished if it weren't for the language. (8)
- 20 One who makes it dull as a subject? (6)
- 23 Like 7 and 11. (5)
- 25 Evening out gives a welcome to the violent. (9)
- 26 Lend our turning circle. (7)
- 27 Musical introduction. (7)
- 28 Robin's trees. (8, 6)

DOWN

- 2 Music which puts a tired

person into a bad temper. (7)

- 3 Wandering Arabs lost, but Ancient Mariner saw one. (9)
- 4 Good intentions to which ladies may be converted. (6)
- 5 Something fine from one who moves round return of service. (8)
- 6 Performances with songs on the piano. (5)
- 7 Master who has to strike Henry without exam being started. (7)
- 8 Opportunity for sport, but there is justice in the executions. (8, 6)
- 9 Suitable material for capital mouldings? (7, 2, 5)
- 16 Material Arab tales are translated into. (9)
- 17 Oil gears which have to be changed to suit a lot of women. (8)
- 19 Letter I preserve for one of refined taste. (7)
- 21 Party returning during outings for supporters. (7)
- 22 "To be king stands not within the prospect of —" (Macbeth). (6)
- 24 "Die, and — a college, or a cat" (Pope). (5)

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9.4 Acres, 60 miles N.Y.C.—on winding mountain road near Taconic Parkway and 184. Brook with waterfall and swimming pool (needs repair). (914) 739-7886.

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TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES

This is a Weekly Real Estate Section limited to Display Ads only. Display Ads are sold by the inch. Special Introductory Rates for this section only are available through the December 20th issue (on sale December 13), including additional discounts for consecutive ads. Introductory Rates: 1 time ad—\$134 per inch; 2 consecutive ads—\$90 per inch each; 3 consecutive ads—\$80 per inch each; 4 consecutive ads—\$67 per inch each. Larger sizes available in increments of ¼ inch. Extra \$5 for NYM Box Number. Complete rates available upon request. Payment & closing dates are the same as regular New York Magazine Classified.

TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES



Amagansett... early farmhouse, 5 bedrooms, unique staircase, spacious, ¾ acre. \$85,000. Beadle Realty, (516) 324-4040.



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TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES



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Spectacular cantilevered contemporary, a powerful architectural statement with vitality and uncluttered dramatic beauty; finest materials and workmanship; huge swimming pool, cabanas, cypress and glass walled exterior with redwood decks; exceptional privacy; skylights; laminated wood beams and steel frame, free standing fieldstone fireplace; circular staircase; sunken living room with 14' ceiling; rosewood den; teak playroom and kitchen; dining room; four bedrooms; large foyer entry; 3 1/2 tiled baths, central air conditioning, electronic filter, vacuum and burglar, fire and smoke alarms. 2-zone heating; 2-car electric door garage; professionally landscaped for minimum maintenance. **PRINCIPALS ONLY.** \$250,000.00. Call (212) 884-8851; 486-1011; PL 2-1265.



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Call now. \$208,000 (can be purchased individually).

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8 miles North of Princeton, N.J. on 1.89 heavily wooded acres, on the Millstone River. 2 story living room, 4 bedrooms, 2 1/2 baths, studio, inground pool, 70 minutes from NYC. Asking \$99,000. Principals only. H J B Enterprises, (201) 828-9333.

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106 acres of fertile land & some forest with more than 2000' of River frontage. Lovely restored early 19th century Colonial. 2 living rooms, separate dining room, family room with fireplace, modern kitchen & breakfast area & a Master Bedroom, dressing room, bath, 3 other bedrooms, bath & laundry. Screened porch, 3 car garage, huge dairy barn, silo, etc. Lovely pond. Large assumable Land Bank Mortgage to Qualified Buyer. All in Southern Somerset County near Neshaun approximately 11 miles north of Princeton. \$350,000.

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1 hour to NYC. Charming modernized Colonial on 4 acres with 900 Ft. lakefront; every room has water view. 6 bedrooms, 3 1/2 baths, beamed L.R.,

2 fireplaces, wrap-around porch, electric heat, completely furnished, beach and cement dock. Large, sturdy barn; playhouse. \$165,000. 12 adjacent acres available. Owner: (914) 526-2809.

1840 Colonial

On over 8 acres. Handsome detail, wide board floors, 9' 9" ceilings, numerous fireplaces, library, paneled breakfast room, 6 bedrooms, 4½ baths. Unique home with great charm.

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3 bedrooms, 3 parlors, 5 fireplaces, dining room, kitchen, original floors. 1760 Colonial and 1830 Greek revival. Combined for fine living. \$80,000.

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1794

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4 bedrooms, 3½ bath, Traditional Colonial on very wooded ½ acre facing quiet park - extremely well built & designed - slate roof - guest (or maid's) apt. off new kitchen - full basement including knotty pine pool room, bar & den - patio off kitchen & glassed porch off living room with redwood deck facing brook - beautifully landscaped & terraced - fully air-conditioned & alarmed - easily maintained - 35 Minutes by train to Grand Central... \$150,000. (212) 581-0378, 0360.

TOTAL COUNTRY. 110 acre Early American farm (1840). Beautifully restored farmhouse with stone fireplace. 10 horse stall large barn. Heated workshop & art studio. 3 ponds. Acreage is open, wooded & private - ideal for cross country skiing & riding. Centrally located to all major ski areas. Views & setting have been featured in several major publications. \$125,000. Liberal financing available. Call anytime for appointment. HUDSON MICHAEL REALTY, INC., 554 Warren Street, Hudson, NY. (518) 828-1534.



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EXQUISITE 1740 COLONIAL - 12 rooms, 5 bedrooms, 2½ baths, 5 fireplaces, wide cherry and splined oak floor boards. Palladian windows, 3 corner mantels with reeded columns, and many other authentic details. Showpiece condition. Being offered at \$200,000. DeVoe Realty Kent (203) 927-3572 Cornwall Bridge (203) 672-6621



"Country estate of internationally known author and journalist. 1820 Colonial. Front to back center hall. Four Master bedrooms (two with working fireplace). Four Baths. 20 X 35 Living Room/Library with fireplace. 16 X 20 Dining room with fireplace. Wideboard floors and 10 Ft. Ceilings throughout entire home. Large garage/workshop/

studio. Crystal clear swimming/fishing pond and stream. Acreage provides maximum of privacy and total country tranquility. Dramatic views of Catskill Mts. Just 2 Hrs. NYC via Taconic Pk. or NYS Thruway. Also served by Amtrak. \$150,000. Long term liberal financing available. Call anytime."

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY EVELYN KANTER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Old-Fashioned—This boutique specializes in clothes fashioned from silk fabrics and scarves from the forties and fifties. While the storefront undergoes renovation, prices are reduced 20 percent: wrap dresses and pinafores, now \$72; blouses, including wrap, tunic, and dolman styles, now \$24-\$40; kimonos and skirts, now \$28.80-\$64; two-piece outfits, now \$48-\$128; plus patchwork denims (recycled fabric), now \$24-\$40. *First of August, 860 Lexington Ave. near 65th St. (628-4665). Thru August.*

Graphics—Signed and numbered originals, including returns from museum rental galleries, are reduced up to 60 percent, thru Labor Day. Examples: Warhol's "Soup Can," was \$425 framed, now \$250; St. Phalles, were \$175-\$225 framed, now \$125; Stellas, were \$350-\$450, now \$200-\$300; Anuszkiewicz, were \$250-\$325, now \$175-\$200. *Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, Ltd., 1040 Madison Ave. near 79th St. (628-1897).*

Before the Fall—All summer goods and a large group of new fall and winter menswear are reduced, thru August: pure-wool suits, regularly \$135-\$175, now \$85-\$125; pure-wool sport coats, including side-vented and hacking-pocket styles, sold nearby at \$95, here \$50; silk British foulard and regimental-stripe ties, and Italian jacquard ties, regularly \$12.50-\$15, now \$6.50 (3 for \$18); club ties, and ties of Irish linen and blends, regularly \$7.50 and \$8.50, now \$3.75 (3 for \$10.50). Also, orders taken on single- or double-breasted shearling coats, regularly \$250, now \$185 (delivery in October). *Wind-Schaper, 39 East 46th St. (EL 5-1260).*

Pillow Talk—Supersize pillows and other items in stock are reduced 20 percent; fabrics include corduroys, batiks, paisleys: snakes, 20' to 36' long, to coil into seats, now \$96-\$160; 21"-by-36" and 36"-square floor cushions, now \$11.50 and \$16.80; sleeper sofa (foam base, 34"-by-72" seat, two back bolsters), now \$130-\$160. Plus handmade solid-wood coffee tables, now \$30 to \$92. *The Furniture Gallery, 2080 Broadway at 72nd St. (595-1070). Thru August.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Evelyn Kanter, c/o New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.

Denim Now—Until August 20, wrap denim skirts with contrasting stitch detailing and Liberty-style florals, regularly \$45, now \$30 and \$25 (matching blazers, now \$40); shirred-neck denim peasant shirt, was \$35, now \$25; plus hand-painted T-shirts, including custom-painted names, were \$25, now \$15 (kids' sizes, now \$8); children's denim jackets, were \$15, now \$7; more. *East Side Kid, 1268 Madison Ave. at 91st St. (860-8608). Closed Sat.*

Out of Africa—Not only are these appliquéd wall hangings from Benin (formerly Dahomey) competitively priced, at \$21 to \$74, but 20 percent of the price is tax-deductible. Each colorful panel comes with a background sheet on its history and meaning. *African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza at 47th St. (949-5666). Thru August.*

Coney Island—Is alive and well, and there is unlimited riding on more than 30 of its roller coasters, scooters, etc., for \$5.95 including tax on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays thru September 2. This "POP" (pay one price) package includes discount coupons for other rides and food, too, and is available at special booths at the Stillwell Ave. subway station and other major Coney Island thoroughfares. *For further information, call 372-3333.*

Consumer Aware

Patients' Rights—In the hospital, do you have the right to refuse treatment or examinations by someone other than your own physician? Do you have the right to inspect your own medical records? Can you be refused care if you cannot afford to pay for it? What are patients' legal rights and what are their limitations?

The complexity of modern medicine and the changing consumer attitudes toward it have raised many questions about what patients have a right to expect during and after a hospital stay. Many of these questions are answered in a pamphlet appropriately titled "The Rights of Patients" (#535), from the Public Affairs Committee, a non-profit organization which regularly publishes dozens of such pamphlets on medical and social subjects.

Send 35 cents to Public Affairs Committee, 381 Park Ave. So., NYC 10016.

The Rise of the Iron Chancellor

Bismarck: "As if it mattered who reigns...
I will govern Germany."

Crown Prince Fredericks: "You
must not go too fast, my love.
People here are not accus-
tomed to clever women."

Princess Victoria: "Bismarck is an
international calamity. We must be
prepared to take the lead."

Kaiser Wilhelm I:
"You are all against me."

The battle for Germany
began one hundred years ago.
Between four people. You know
who won. But you don't know how. Find out on
The Rise of the Iron Chancellor starring Curt Jurgens
—part one of **Fall of Eagles** on Channel Five.

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"...The money has gone to Kuwait to Frankfurt and back to New York. Everyone has switched assets except the Americans..."

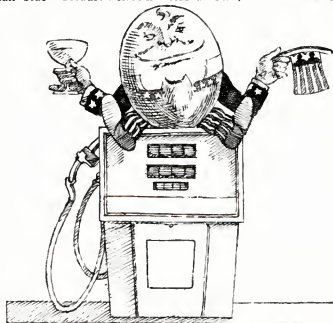
Recently I was in a shopping center in the Provence section of France, near Nîmes. I went into a store called Jean William, which had whimsical Levi's posters on the wall and sold the product. The uniform of French youth this summer continues to be Levi's, and sweat shirts that say "UCLA," or, more carelessly, "MIT University." The salesmen and youth I talked to that morning seemed blissfully unaware that the long-wearing American blue denim so eagerly bought had started as "serge de Nîmes"—hence denim—and had arrived back in Nîmes as a uniquely American product via the California goldfields, Alkali Ike's rivets, and Levi Strauss.

That is a minor, almost capricious example of a transfer of wealth in a circle. But on the same trip I ran across another such circle, with more serious implications. Pan American's Flight 100 to London seemed to be full of Exxon executives, all going to London for a meeting about Exxon's tanker fleet, much of which carries oil from the Persian Gulf to the United States. "It's like the energy crisis never happened," said my Exxon seatmate. "Gasoline demand is soaring. That romance with small cars and saving energy lasted only as long as the embargo. Gasoline is almost half our petroleum demand, we still have no real national energy policy, and each percentage point in the growth rate is a million barrels a day that have to be imported; that's a million barrels a day. Every day, we are into the Arabs a bit deeper. But Americans have tuned out on this problem."

Those American imports help produce the annual Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries surplus of \$46 billion. "Two years ago," said a merchant banking friend in London, "there was a lot of fast talk about who had a line to the Arab money. It hasn't been so easy to realize. The Iranians have bought some arms and the Saudis

have moved cautiously; the most sophisticated are the Kuwaitis." The next day he introduced me to a Kuwaiti client, Mahmoud Abdul Aziz (not his real name). There are burnouses and tarbooshes in every hotel lobby in London, and the ads for every topless bar are in Arabic as well as English, so Arabs are visible. Mahmoud wore a Savile Row suit and a mustache.

"There are more Arabs in London because Beirut has closed down," Mah-



moud said. "London is a good financial center and has excellent medical care. [If you go into a hospital like Wellington, the closed-circuit TV has Arabic movies.] I know, you heard the Kuwaitis have bought 2,000 flats in London, and the Dorchester and Royal Kensington hotels. And a Kuwaiti who was refused entrance to a club in 1970 came back this summer and bought it. London is all right for fun, but my group has a cash flow of a million dollars a day, and that's with half the Kuwaiti production turned off. For serious investments we look to Germany and the United States. It's taking a while to learn our way around Germany, but we're not in a great hurry."

After some painstaking research, Mahmoud's group bought into a large German manufacturing and engineer-

ing company controlled by a Prussian family, the von Hohengartens (again, not the real name). The company makes pumps, valves, switches, bearings, and so on. An editor at the *Economist* told me the plants had used labor from the camps during World War II, "but no more than the Krupps, and your Mr. McCloy handed the Krupp works back to the Krupp family."

When the merchant bankers and international lawyers finished, the Kuwaitis had a seat on the board of a prosperous company in a solid industrial country, and the von Hohengartens had a check for more than \$200-million. "Most of their assets were in Germany, and they wanted to diversify," said the merchant banker, "and they are sensitive about their identity and their wealth. There's only one place you can invest that kind of money without creating ripples, and that's the United States."

The von Hohengartens bought an apartment on Fifth Avenue, a ranch in Colorado, and a showpiece farm in the Philadelphia hunt country. Being good horsemen, they were quickly accepted into Philadelphia horse circles. They are buying farms with cash crops in Illinois, Oregon, and Kansas; they foresee food shortages in the world, and believe there is no better investment than a good American farm.

So the brokers and agents have taken their fees, and the money has gone from Exxon's gas pumps to Kuwait to Frankfurt and back to New York and Philadelphia, all without a ripple or headline. Something like it happens every day. The Kuwaitis have part of a pump company, the Germans have some American farms, and the Americans have had their traditional Fourth of July and will have their Labor Day, driving fast in their comfortable American cars. Everyone has switched assets except the Americans, who have consumed part of theirs, like a drunk with a good inheritance. The crisis is invisible.

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